WILLIAM MURRISH
THE MINER
OF PERRANZABULOE.

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PERRANZABULOE:

OR, SIMPLE RECORDS OF

A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.

BY

W. DAVIS TYACK.

London:
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.
SOLD ALSO AT 66, PATERNOSTER ROW.
LEEDS: H. W. WALKER, BRIGGATE.

MDCCCLXVI.

TO

THAT DEVOTED HOST OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS--

THE CLASS-LEADERS

OF THE

METHODIST SOCIETIES

These Memorials

OF ONE OF THEIR NUMBER

ARE AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED:

AS A MARK OF UNQUALIFIED RESPECT

FOR THEIR OFFICE;

AND OF HIGH APPRECIATION

OF THEIR

VALUABLE SERVICES,

AS PROMOTERS—UNDER GOD—

OF EXPERIMENTAL AND PRACTICAL

RELIGION.

PREFACE.

THIS little volume contains the simple Records of a Good Man's life. Their subject was one of the "sons of toil," who laboured diligently in the Mines of Cornwall, until his strength failed him.

Almost all classes have their "Representative Men," whose written lives are before the world. But few are the *extended* memoirs of any who have *lived and died as Working Men in the humbler walks of life.* And yet, how frequently, among the toiling poor, are to be found men of gentle nature—of high Christian character — of true nobility of mind—and of most heroic spirit and life! Many brief notices of such as these are found in our Magazines; but might not that great class — the Working Men—be more frequently honoured, and encouraged, by the publication of more lengthened

memorials of some of the hard-handed, strong-minded, gentle-hearted, brotherhood of labour?—Men so generally worthy of the respect, the confidence, the kind consideration, of those who are in other circumstances; and so capable of sincere esteem, and devoted attachment, in return.

The writer, in publishing these Records, would bring into more general view one of the many "Gems of Piety" that shine serenely "in Humble Life." And would add another chapter to the very few *more extended* "Annals of the Poor," that have been supplied from time to time.

It is not professed that there is much here—either in form, or style—for those who delight only in the higher walks of literature. But let the sound rule—

"In every work regard the writer's end,"

be remembered and applied, and, we think, none will look unkindly upon this well-intended effort.

In the preparation of these pages, the writer has simply discharged a duty to conscience and to friendship,—he believes, also, a duty to God,—

and has endeavoured rightly to perform what he felt necessity was laid upon him to do — though he sincerely regrets that the task has not been better and sooner accomplished.—But, as a Methodist Minister, amidst the duties of full circuit work—to which he has striven to give conscientious attention—he has been able, only at brief intervals, widely apart, to secure time for this extra service. It has been, however, a "labour of love," and a means of refreshing and strength to his own soul.

And now, with unaffected diffidence, he sends forth this simple narrative—praying that its perusal may be made a blessing to many.—For whatever good may by it be achieved, or promoted, it shall be devoutly and gratefully said—

> "Not unto us, O LORD, not unto us,
> But unto Thy Name give glory:
> For Thy Mercy, and for Thy Truth's sake!"

LEEDS, *August* 14*th*, 1866.

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WILLIAM MURRISH,

THE MINER OF PERRANZABULOE.

I.

BOLINGEY.

"The country wins me still,—
I never framed a wish or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene."

AMONG the watering-places to which the inhabitants of Cornwall resort, for health and recreation, in the sultry summer time, Perran Porth, in Perranzabuloe, on the North coast, is highly attractive. The magnificent expanse of ocean; the fine sweep of beach—some two miles in length; the grandeur of the cliffs, natural

arches, and caverns; the secluded nooks, and retired bathing-places; together with the sand-hills, heaths, and grassy slopes: unite to make it a most fascinating spot. For the present writer it has an undying charm, moreover, because of Christian friendships commenced in its neighbourhood, and matured in rambles amid its wild and beautiful scenery. Pleasant to him is the memory of hours spent with the subject of these pages, exploring those cliffs and caverns; traversing the noble sands; and enjoying rest and converse on those breezy heights, and on the rocks by the dashing sea.

Approaching from the West, and descending the gentle hill below Liskey,—on the left, we catch the first glimpse of the beach, with the long white-crested waves rolling in and breaking upon the shore; while inland, on the right, a charming rural prospect opens before us—the Vale of Bolingey; with a path-way, and a shining stream, winding through it. The surrounding hills are not lofty, and the valley is not deep; but there is a wildness, and yet a gentleness and quietude, pervading the scene, which never failed to charm, often as I have paused to admire it.

On the side of the hill, overlooking the valley from the North, stands the neat Wesleyan Chapel of Bolingey. At the foot of the hill, lies the antiquated village, with its low bridge,—mill,—smithy,—and other village appendages. Up the valley, are here and there cozy-looking cottages, nestling among orchards; and at the extreme end, is the hamlet of Cocks, —deserving a more euphonious name—with its clusters of thatched cottages, overshadowed by elms;—patches of orchard, garden, and meadow-land;—and its ancient centre-tree, around which have played the children of many generations.

Leaving the valley, we soon reach Mount Harmony; then, Perran Church, and Churchyard,—where many of the

"Forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"—

and which overlook the valley from the South.

Amid these scenes, William Murrish was born; and here he grew from infancy to man's estate. Here he pursued the path of Christian usefulness, calmly and constantly witnessing for Christ. And amid these peaceful scenes, these lovely solitudes,—"far from the

noise and strife of towns,"—he fell asleep in Jesus.

I shall not soon forget my first view of the valley from the North. Its wild but quiet beauty awoke the most pleasurable feelings; accompanied by a sort of presentiment that there was happiness in store for me, in pastoral intercourse with its people. Nor was I disappointed.

My first Sabbath at Bolingey and Cocks, is among my "sunny memories." The Chapel was of good size and height; the internal arrangements, comfortable; the painting, cheerful. But what struck me most, of all about it, was, its aspect of brightness and cleanliness. One sensibly felt that he was in a clean place. A contrast to some few one has known —those fusty, frowsy places, where the windows seem not made to open; and the walls are discoloured by damp and mildew; where the dust seems stirred up only to settle down again, without ever being expelled the building; places where odd leaves of Bibles and school-books lie about the pulpit-pew; and where the preacher's eye must ever rest upon

heaps of dusty rubbish piled above the entrance over against the pulpit. At Bolingey, though the Sunday School was taught in the Chapel, all was orderly, fresh, and cheerful; and it had a tranquilizing influence upon the mind. It was in harmony with

"The holy calm that reigned around;"

and with the sunshine that fell so lovingly upon everything; and the glad, though solemn, service, in which we had met to engage.—"Holiness becometh the house of the LORD for ever,"—and is not *cleanliness* one of its elements?

The appearance of the congregation was equally pleasing. It was composed of an evidently intelligent people,—chiefly miners, and their wives and families, with here and there a farmer. Almost all were well-dressed—not over-dressed—but well-dressed; and the entire company presented an aspect of sobriety, and respectability, that did one good to see. They were thus attired in deference to the Sabbath-day, and the House of God. Many a time afterwards did I admire the appearance of the same people—that village congregation, mainly

of miners—as in goodly numbers they attended the week-night service at the Chapel on Friday evenings. They never came in their common clothes, but in a sort of second-best, from head to foot—their boots and shoes blacked and shining. That air of respectful decency proceeded from their godliness, and, no doubt, re-acted upon their godliness—and improved it.

The demeanour of the worshippers was orderly and reverential. Strictly speaking, there was no choir; but a few of the principal men of the Society, who sat in the large seat surrounding the pulpit, led the singing—which was spirited and good. The voices of the leaders were clear, full, and musical; and they sang with considerable taste and feeling. There were W. K—, and W. M—, still living; and others. Among them, on my right, in the corner of that large square pew, sat William Murrish—with massive forehead, soft, hazel, intelligent eyes, and,—miner though he was,—fresh and ruddy countenance. A man of middle height—strongly built—presenting in face and form an embodiment of quiet power. He had a fine, mellow voice, and sang well. In

after times I joined with him, and the other friends, in many a hymn at their cottages in the valley: and now look back upon those seasons of pastoral intercourse, and holy song, enjoyed with that devoted and affectionate band, as portions of my pilgrimage peculiarly favoured of Heaven.

The morning service ended, the friends came forward, with beaming countenances, to give the "New Preacher" a welcome, which they did most heartily—none more so than the subject of these pages, whose name was then unknown to me. He and others accompanied me down the hill, and through the valley,—one after another leaving as we reached their cottages,—till we ascended to Mount Harmony, the house of the good widow Mitchell and her worthy sons—the minister's home for that day—and where I found their hospitality to be equal to their kindness and cordiality of manner. In the scores of visits paid to that neighbourhood during the three happy years spent in the St. Agnes circuit, I grew more and more attached to the place and the people. With pleasure I could say much of many of them—of their Christian graces—their homes—their

hospitalities. But it is to one only of their number that these pages are devoted—William Murrish.

I had been some months on the circuit before I became intimately acquainted with him. Frequent visits to his cottage at Cocks, enabled me to see the good man at home, surrounded by his family; and to mark the quiet firmness, and affection, with which he ruled his house. And the many conversations with him, as he accompanied me part of the way home, after evening services, and in rambles by the sea, revealed to me a depth of piety—a soundness of judgment—a refinement of taste—an amount of common sense, and of general intelligence; together with such humility, simplicity, cheerfulness, and affection, as combined to make his friendship a privilege of no common order.

In the next two chapters will be found a short account of his early life, and conversion to God—written by himself during his last illness, for the instruction of his children.

II.

EARLY DAYS.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

WILLIAM wrote a good hand, and his style was singularly pure, for one whose advantages had been so few. The following brief and simple narrative is given as found in his own hand-writing, with a few omissions, but with scarcely the alteration of a word.

Thus he wrote:—

"I have many times thought, if I had time, I would write down a little sketch of my life. Perhaps some of my boys would be glad to see it after I am laid in the grave. I know I

should have prized something of the kind from my father's hand. It seems I have a little time now in this gentle affliction, and I would endeavour to carry out what I have thought sometimes to be desirable.

"My father, William Murrish, was born in this village in the year 1785. He was the son of Martin and Sarah Murrish. My great grandfather, too, was called Martin Murrish. My mother's maiden name was Mary Kernick, the daughter of James and Ann Kernick, who resided in this village, where my mother was born, in 1788. My father and mother married, and settled down here, where I was born, on the 31st of January, 1818. I was their fifth child. I had two brothers elder than myself, and two sisters who were twins; and three brothers and two sisters younger; besides a little brother called Moses, who died in infancy. So we were eleven children altogether.

"When I was about four years of age, my father built a house at Reen-Common, and removed, in order to have a more quiet place, he said, to bring up his family; for in this village (as now) there were too many children, and too

much play, to please him; and, besides, it was nearer the mine where he worked at the time. I went to the Church school for some months before we left. J. Nicholls was school-master. While there I little more than learned my alphabet. That was all the day-school teaching I ever had. When we removed to our new house, my mother used to keep me to read, till I got to make sense of what I was reading. After that I needed no one to stimulate me. I read then for the love I had to it. I could read the Bible when I was about six years old, and was much interested then in the history of the Saviour. The Old Testament histories also very much engaged my attention. The courage of youthful David, in going forth to fight the Philistine (1 Sam. xvii.), delighted me. That chapter was quite a favourite one with me. I was often impressed in reading these Scripture narratives with God's just and righteous government of mankind—how that kings and other individuals prospered, or otherwise, just in proportion as they 'did right in the sight of the Lord.'

"Other books also soon began to attract my

attention. I used to spend several hours together, sometimes, in perusing an old thick volume, without any covers, on geography. By this book I got a knowledge of different countries, with their history, productions, wars, &c., and got the names of cities, towns, and places, fixed in my memory—many of them to the present time. We had two volumes of the *Methodist Magazine*—one for 1804, containing the history of the Irish Rebellion, which rivetted my attention; the other was for 1820. These, with the Bible and Hymn-book, constituted nearly the whole of our family library at that time. But books soon began to increase. My eldest brother, James, began to take up the '*Youth's Instructor*,' and being passionately fond of reading, began to get into books in various ways. We also took up the '*Child's Magazine*,' and the '*Child's Companion*.' These little silent messengers, regularly coming among a large family of children, as we were, did their work, and deposited truths in my mind I shall never forget. I soon began to form a library for myself; and I remember very well being somewhat elated at receiving from

one of our preachers my first two new books—'*Wesley's Hymns,*' with red covers, and the '*Life of Mr. Silas Told.*'

"I was the subject of good impressions when very young, and frequently prayed to the Lord in times of danger and trouble. For some nights successively I remember having fearful dreams, so that in the evenings I was afraid to go to bed. I was led, after a time, earnestly to pray before I slept that the Lord would keep away the bad dreams; and I never had such dreams when I thus prayed. Perhaps my fearing these dreams tended to produce them; and my faith in the Great Hearer of Prayer, allaying those fears, might have kept them away. Be as it may, such was the fact.

"When I was about twelve years of age, my brother Martin died. He was about eighteen years of age. His death made an impression on my mind. He was of a very cheerful disposition, and a sweet singer. We felt his loss very much. We were a comfortable family—could all sing, and frequently in the evenings struck up a tune. My brother James sang bass; Martin, the air; my sisters, Nancy and Sally

first and second treble; father and mother, who had both been Church singers in their day, would also join; and all the rest, from myself down to the youngest that could speak—making a most delightful harmony, such as might cause an angel to stop and smile, or a Satanic agent to envy us,—which was not unlikely, as there was a sad change afterwards.

"About the time of my brother's death, there was a revival in the neighbourhood, and I, with my two sisters, just named, joined the people of God, and went to meet in my father's Class. My sisters were brought down in the revival, and Sally was made very happy. . . . . I was grieving because I could not grieve, though in the Class-meeting my heart was like wax before the fire. I was often weeping while there, and frequently felt much comfort; but I think for want of opening my mind to some one, I was in doubts and fears. I felt love to the Saviour, and made some simple verses about His dying for me on Calvary; was very devout, and met on for about six months, without any thoughts of ever leaving God's people.

"My father, for many years before this time, was a very pious man. Six years, or more, before this, he had his right leg taken off, because of an injury received in the knee, when working underground. He bore up under the operation nobly, for he was a stout-hearted man, and, besides that, he had much of the support which true religion affords. When he got better, he came home, like David, 'to bless his household.' He was truly devoted to God then, especially in the family. We were never suffered to utter a word out of the way. His command in the family, it appears to me now, was perfect. . . . A word from him, or the pointing of a finger to do anything, was enough for any child in the house. He was affectionate, and loved his children, but very decided. Whatever he promised, or threatened, he was sure to perform. When I was about five years old, I committed an offence; my father called me, but I, being guilty, and fearing the consequences, ran away. He said, 'Very well—you shall have it.' I kept away for hours, but at last appetite drove me in, and I took my seat at dinner, as usual,—hoping that my offence

might be forgotten. My father made no remark, but went on for some time with what he was about. . . . At last I saw his hand put up to take down the rod—and I '*had it.*' I never ran away from my father again. It was the first and the last time; not that I was treated cruelly—it was because he kept his word.

"My father was diligent in endeavouring to store our minds with Scripture stories, &c. I remember with what pleasure we crowded around him in the evenings, especially Sunday evenings,

> 'To hear historic story told
> Of what was done in days of old:
> How Cain his righteous brother slew,
> And on himself the vegeance drew;
> How Noah reared the ark, to save
> His household from a watery grave,' &c.

"He had a very interesting manner in talking with children, and endeavoured to train us up 'in the nurture and admonition of the LORD.' But these were the seven plentiful years; seven years, or nearly so, of famine came next."

[Then, after tenderly detailing, for the admonition of his boys, how his good and beloved

father, in a new employment, and amid new circumstances, unhappily falling under the power of the Curse of Britain—*drink*—gradually lost his religion, and gave up his connexion with the Church, he proceeds]:—

"After my father gave up the class, I had no heart to go again. I don't remember that I had a thought of leaving God's people at first; but after some weeks my good desires began to fail, till I lost my relish for class-meetings. . . . . Mine was then a downward course for years. I still loved reading; and was counselled by my brother James, who did not forget me, but kept writing to me often, after he left home. Yet I entered pretty much into youthful follies and sins—though kept back mercifully from presumptuous sins. *Drinking* was then the bane of society in this neighbourhood. Married men and young crowded the public-houses and beer-shops. And I (though I never loved drink as many) was often found among them. Company drew me away; and, being connected with singers, I often stayed too long.

"I went on thus, till the Lord, in His providence, saw fit to take away my father and

mother, within the short space of sixteen days. My father, who had been ailing for some months, was taken suddenly ill at my sister's, on his way home from Summercourt fair—where he had sold a cow, and bought a pony, in the day. Leaving my sister's, where he had spent a comfortable evening, he attempted to mount the pony, but in doing so he broke a blood-vessel. They brought him into the house, but he lived only six hours. He was fully aware of his situation; and threw himself by faith on the atonement: so that the love of God was shed abroad in his heart. He was full of love to all around him. And said, 'Tell mother I shall meet her on the celestial hill.' Thus my poor father was 'saved as by fire.'—But I believe he was endeavouring to find his way 'back to God' for several weeks—if not months—before his death.

"My mother at the time was in the last stage of consumption. The Lord wonderfully supported her in her weak state; and soon removed her to a better world: and we were left without father or mother. We were seven children at home at the time. My eldest

brother had been away for years, as merchant's clerk, or foreman; and one of my sisters was married. My sister Nancy and myself had to take charge of the family—which had, I shall always think, a good effect on my mind. It laid a weight of care and thought upon me, which tended to check me in my trifling career. From this time I was steadier, and kept more to myself. And though I did not join with God's people for years afterwards, yet I have no doubt this dispensation of Providence—painful as it was at the time—helped in no small degree to bring about my conversion."

III.

CONVERSION.

"Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found;
Call ye upon him, while he is near;
Let the wicked forsake his way,
And the unrighteous man his thoughts;
And let him return unto the Lord, for he will
have mercy upon him;
And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."
ISAIAH lv. 6, 7.

(PERSONAL NARRATIVE, CONTINUED.)

"IN the summer of 1840, my cousin, William Kernick, and myself, for the sake of improvement, agreed to write letters to each other. I wrote first—and mentioned *Music, Teetotalism,* &c., as subjects which had occupied my friend's thoughts. He wrote, in answer, that there was another subject which for some time had arrested his

attention—and that subject was *Religion.* This surprised me, as I had no idea that he was thinking closely on the subject. At the same time, the surprise was an agreeable one to me —for Religion was the theme that had occupied my thoughts for weeks and months before; only, like him, I had endeavoured to keep it to myself. I was glad to tell him, at the first opportunity, that I, too, was thinking of Religion. We soon began to pray,—and then our minds were made up to join the people of God. We went the next Sunday morning to Brother W. Nichols's class, at Perranwell. We went Reen way, to put R. Nichols, another young man, with us. There were tears of joy shed in the class that morning, by the Leader and the old members, to see three young men come in among them so unexpectedly.—There had not been any added to the church at Bolingey for some time; and there was scarcely a young man in the society.—Like the Prodigal, I was sad. However, like him, I was glad to get back again.

'Weary of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,'

was the language of my heart. Like the dove out of the Ark, I had found no rest for the sole of my foot. Though I tried to conceal it from others, there was a void within,

'The world could never fill.'

This was on the 19th of July, 1840.

"I continued seeking mercy a fortnight after this, and used all opportunities for prayer—under ground in my work, and on the surface. It was not terror, or fear of Hell, that I felt, but tired of sin, and a want of true religion. One evening during this fortnight, John T., who was also a penitent, and myself, agreed to go to the top of an old croft, in the neighbourhood, to pray for pardon, and to spend the night there, unless we found it. We remained there for hours, and prayed and pleaded, but the heavens seemed as brass to our petitions. It coming to rain, and we having no proper shelter, got disheartened, and went home. However, deliverance came at last. The third time I went to the class-meeting, while others were speaking, I was trying to look by faith to the Saviour bleeding on the cross—and I felt peace and love begin to rise in my heart. Just then, my

Leader asked me the state of my mind. I could say I felt as I had not felt before; but I was not clear. I was like the blind man, who, at first, could 'see men as trees, walking.' But before the meeting closed, I could say more clearly that the Lord had pardoned and accepted me, for the sake of His well-beloved Son. And while on my way to chapel afterwards, and when engaged in teaching the rising generation, I felt I had within me the beginnings of a new life."

Here his Personal Narrative ends. But that "new life" thus begun, rose into power and activity; and showed itself in his daily walk, and in various offices of usefulness, during the remainder of his earthly course.

Glimpses of his spiritual state, up to the time of my acquaintance with him, are afforded at intervals through the medium of a brief diary which he kept.

Thus he wrote:—"SUNDAY, *October 5th*, 1845. I feel a desire to record a little more of my experience than I have done. I believe it

would be beneficial—it would make me more careful how I walk.

> 'How shall I walk my God to please,
> To spread content and happiness
> On all beneath my care?'

Goodness and mercy still follow me. I had a remarkable deliverance on the 24th of last month. It was considered that *ten tons* of ground fell around me. I was buried in rocks to the arm-pits nearly—some were, I suppose, two or three hundred weight. Yet, to the praise of God be it spoken, I escaped with only a few scratches! How my legs were not broken, the Lord only knows . . . . . In the evening, while in my closet, I felt my heart was too hard—could not feel grateful enough for such a deliverance. I prayed—the Bible lay before me—that the Lord would direct me to some passage of His Word that might suit my case. I opened immediately—without studying where to open—read two or three verses, and then came to this verse:—'That thy trust may be in the LORD, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee.' (Prov. xxii. 19.) I felt my heart to be in some measure melted

into tenderness, and the tears flowed from my eyes, while I repeated, over and over—'made known to *thee*, even to *thee!*' I felt for some days the good effects of it—felt I must give myself more to Him who had done so much for me."

Some two years later he wrote:—"*December 1st*, 1847.—I thank God that I am brought to see the beginning of another month. May it prove the best I ever spent! I think I am more alive than I have been for some time. For some weeks past I have rose early—generally about five o'clock—to pray and read the Word of God, and Mr. Wesley's sermons—his thirteen sermons '*on Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount*,' have been made a blessing to me . . . ."

And those habits of early rising for the purpose of prayer and of devotional reading, brought forth in him their promised fruit:—"*Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.*

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." (Ps. i. 1, 3.) Thus was he "*blessed*"—thus did he "*prosper.*"

And how many of those whose religious life has gradually withered away, would have most certainly retained the happy experience of "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," and have been preserved to the Church of Christ, for the benefit of the world, if they had pursued a similar course of reading, meditation, and prayer! They would have been as "a tree,—*planted*"—"planted *by the rivers of water:*" as a tree of unwithering leaf, and of seasonable fruitage: steadfast, flourishing, fruitful of every good work.

But, alas! neglecting the Bible; slighting the closet; leaving off to wait upon God, and to meditate in His truth: they have become as "*chaff*"—lifeless, light, unstable—the sport of every worldly influence; not like a tree —"*planted*"—but, like "the chaff—*which the wind driveth away.*"

The words of our Lord are full of instruction and important suggestion:—"*Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.*" (John xvii, 17.) There will be no "constancy of love"; no steady advancement; no entire sanctification: without much meditation in the Word of God.

The aspirations of the healthy Christian are such as these:—

"When quiet in my house I sit,
  Thy book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
  Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

"O may the gracious words divine
  Subject of all my converse be:
So will the Lord his follower join
  And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

* * * * *

"Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
  Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
  Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above."

It is the well-known usage of the Methodist Societies to meet together in their respective places of worship, at the beginning of the year, to enter anew into solemn covenant with God. But the following entry, found among his private papers, shows that the subject of these memoirs was not satisfied with doing this at the Society-meeting only—and at the more impressive time of the New Year's Sabbath—but that also in the secret retirement of his closet, and in the spring time of the year, he wrote and laid his vows before the Lord: humbly seeking God's gracious acceptance of him; and subscribing with his hand his covenant engagement to be faithful, by the grace of God. These are the words of that solemn transaction:—

"Most Glorious Jehovah, and God of all Grace, who takest no pleasure in the death of sinners, but wouldest have all men come to a knowledge of the truth, that they may be saved. And for that end, hast, in thine infinite love to fallen man, given thine only Son, Jesus Christ, to be the Saviour of all them that believe thy Gospel; calling upon all—the chief

of sinners—to turn from their evil ways, and to come to Jesus Christ; by thy Spirit striving with the consciences of perishing souls, and in thy providences giving a space for repentance; and waiting that thou mayest be gracious.—I, thy poor wretched sinner, who have sinned in Adam, broken thy first covenant; deprived myself of grace; lost thy favour; and justly deserved death and damnation—do from my whole heart thankfully acknowledge this thy redeeming grace. And in the sense of my sin and misery; and in hope of thy salvation-mercy, through Christ,—do humbly prostrate my soul and body at thy feet; confessing my sin—original and actual; internal and external; against thy Law, and against thy Gospel; against thy mercy and judgment; against the light and checks of my own conscience, many convictions, resolutions, and promises of amendment.—I do this day call heaven and earth to record, that I do heartily consent to all thy appointed ways to salvation. And do actually renounce sin, satan, the world, and myself.—And now, O Lord! searcher of all hearts! I call heaven and earth to witness

that I do, sincerely, without any known guile or reservation, take Thee, O Lord, Father, Son, and Spirit—One God—to be my only God, and only portion; here, and to all eternity.

"And this Covenant, O Lord, I here subscribe with my hand, and deliver to Thee, in the presence of angels, as my act and deed. And the Covenant which I have made on earth, let it be ratified in Heaven!—Amen! So help me, O my God!

"Witness my hand, this 30*th day of April*, 1849.

"WILLIAM MURRISH."

This impressive form of words he doubtless made his own—in sentiment and in spirit. And, as far as human ken could determine, he was faithful to his vows.

IV.

MANHOOD.

"He is but the counterfeit of a Man, who hath not the life of a Man."—*Shakespeare.*

MY acquaintance with William Murrish commenced in the latter part of the year 1850. He had now been ten years a devoted Christian; and was at that time efficiently filling the offices of Class-Leader, and Sunday-School Superintendent.—Was exemplary in his attendance upon the weekly preaching service on Friday evenings; at the Vestry prayer meeting on Saturday evenings; and at Cottage prayer meetings in the neighbourhood on some other evening of the week. Moreover, he found time for visiting the sick—to whom, his words of Christian

instruction and encouragement were refreshing and useful. As a steady, cheerful, worker and witness for Christ, his example was good, and his influence most salutary.—In his earnest, but quiet and unobtrusive service, in the state of life in which it had pleased God to call him, forcibly reminding one of the Master's words to His disciples—"Ye are the light of the world; ye are the salt of the earth."

It must not be supposed, however, that he neglected his temporal affairs, or his domestic duties, while thus active in religious services. No. Industry was one of the leading virtues of his character. He attended fully and diligently to his labour in the mine; cultivated a little plot of land, lying around his cottage, consisting of two or three meadows; attended to his cow, pig, &c.; and repaired his own and his children's shoes—a domestic work which many a Cornish miner learns to do expertly. He also managed to secure time to write letters—some lengthy ones—for himself and others, to friends at home, and to relatives beyond the seas. Moreover, he gave considerable attention to his children—examining them

as to their progress at school; training them to habits of industry; and storing their minds with moral and religious lessons.

In all this, he seemed never burdened; never in confusion; never unduly excited; never in a hurry.

> "Along the cool sequestered vale of life
> He kept the noiseless tenor of his way,"—

leading "a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty."—Being "not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

Perceiving in him so many lines of manly and Christian character, it occurred to me that a written correspondence between us might be mutually beneficial. The suggestion pleased him. We commenced. And kept it up, with scarcely ever the interval of a month, for ten years,—till within a few days of his decease. And often have his letters been like balm to my spirit, as I toiled on in my early ministry. They were the spontaneous effusions of a loving heart and a devout mind,—written under many disadvantages of time and place. Yet, in addition to sound judgment

and scriptural piety, there was a freedom of thought, and a raciness of style about many of them, that, all things considered, often as much surprised, as delighted, me. Of this I feel confident: nothing could have been further from his thoughts, than the idea that any of those letters would ever appear in print. But, for the sake of the truths which they contain; and for the honour of the memory of him who wrote them; also that a clearer view may be obtained of his mind and heart; as well as that his progress in life and experience may be thus the better recorded: a few from among his many letters to me are here introduced. They are given as they were written,—though not in full.

The following letter illustrates his self-control; and shows the value of devout meditation, as a means of preparing the mind for the trials of daily life.

"COCKS, *Nov.* 6, 1851.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

"I once more with pleasure take up my pen to address you, though I think there is a little of selfishness mixed with my

motives—for I am giving to one 'from whom I expect to receive.' . . . . . I write now, that the stream of your highly-valued friendship may still flow towards me; don't you see selfishness in this? But I trust, after all, there is on my part a sincere desire to please, or—if it should be in my power,—to render any service to one who has proved himself to be a true friend. . . . . But what is the service that I can render *you?* . . . If I send anything, I believe it must be scraps of experience, and observation. Will you have a little of what has been passing in my mind, and before my eyes, to-day?

"On my way to mine this morning, I was musing thus: How necessary that we should be fortified with those graces of the Spirit that will enable us to maintain, with consistency, the Christian character! Joy is much coveted, and very desirable; but we are in the battle-field now, and is it not more desirable that we should

> 'Leave no unguarded place,
> No weakness of the soul;'

but

> 'Take every virtue—every grace,
> And fortify the whole?'

We shall have joy in Heaven. There, in His presence, there is fulness of joy,—but not so here—

> 'Life's is laborious happiness at best,
> Its joys are joys of conquest, not of rest.'

Oh for the strength to *labour!*—the martial prowess—the skill—the undying courage to *conquer!* How infinitely desirable is this!

"Musing just in this way, I entered the mine; where I had not been ten minutes, before my comrades were engaged in a hot dispute, and, indeed, a scuffle, with another pair, about a machine. But I felt calm within. My meditations had no doubt been helpful to me. And the entrance of God's Word gave light upon my path. I said, 'There is a way to settle it; *I* shall not fight about it,—("The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men.")'—So I went to the agent, and stated the case—said all we wanted was what was fair. He immediately decided in our favour. So that storm blew over. And afterwards those words were repeatedly coming into my mind:—'The meek will He guide in judgment, the meek will He teach His way.'

O that I may always maintain the character of the meek!

"Your last communication afforded me much pleasure and satisfaction. I am glad that you feel, and I also, that we may now hold unrestricted intercourse. Well, let it be. And still may our motto and prayer be:—

> 'Our friendship sanctify and guide,
> Unmixed with selfishness and pride:
> Thy glory be our single aim!'

"You say we have each a position assigned us by the Lord of all. This is true. You, as a Minister; I, as a Leader. Our position is awfully important—awfully responsible.

> 'The souls we from our Lord receive,
> Of *each* we an account must give,
> In that tremendous hour."

"O for wisdom—for zeal—for courage—for that deep concern for the divine honour, that John Smith felt, when he used to say with emotion:—'God is dishonoured *in His own world!*' Why is it, I am frequently ready to ask myself, that I am not more tremblingly alive to these things? I feel with you, the more I visit the sick, &c., and take up my

cross, the more power I have with God; and the more inward freedom I feel. But I must now conclude. It is time to retire to rest. . . Praying that God, even our God, may abundantly bless you and yours, in time and in eternity:

"I remain,

"Your sincere friend,

"W. MURRISH."

The nature of Entire Sanctification; the possibility of enjoying it in this life; and the mode of its attainment: were frequently topics of conversation between us. My friend's thoughts on this glorious Christian privilege, and his earnest aspirations and endeavours after its enjoyment, as seen in some of his letters, may be encouraging and useful. In this view, the following, among others, is inserted.

"COCKS, *January* 14*th*, 1852.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

"Since I wrote you last, we are entered upon a new date—with new resolu-

tions, I trust, to devote ourselves to the service of God. May we have grace to perform our vows! 'I want you,'—said Mr. Bramwell, in a letter to his wife,—'to be like Ann Cutler and I like John Fletcher.' And how desirable to be like those eminent servants of God, who have—many of them—finished the work He gave them to do on earth; and are now reaping the reward of their labours—

'High in salvation and the climes of bliss!'

"I wish you a Happy New Year! Happy in the best sense of the word. I would not make idle wishes. I really mean what I say, and would add my feeble prayers to my wishes, that this may be the best year you ever saw. That you may be happy because you are holy. Happy to know that you are in possession—*full* possession—of the promised Canaan. O that, unmolested by these foes—devoted as they are to destruction—the length and breadth of the land may be yours and mine. While writing, that beautiful hymn comes to my mind:—

'O glorious hope of perfect love!

Especially this verse:—

> 'O that I might at once go up!
> No more on this side Jordan stop,
> But now the land possess:
> This moment end my legal years;
> Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
> A howling wilderness.'

Oh! these legal years! this howling wilderness! this circuitous route! Why not at once go over? It is an exceedingly good land! it is the *promised* land! Why stay in this howling wilderness? Why? When we have a Joshua—Jesus—to put us over; to exterminate our foes; to measure out our lot? How desirable, with Caleb's daughter, to have 'a South land with springs of water—the upper and the nether springs.' 'A South land,' that lies against the sun—in the eye of the Sun of Righteousness; where the fruits of the Spirit shall be brought to perfection. What shall hinder us from crossing the Jordan? Nothing but sin, or unbelief. I need not tell you, my dear friend, that it is by faith. . . . .

> 'I cannot wash my heart,
> But by believing thee,
> And waiting for thy blood to impart
> The spotless sanctity.'

O that we may continue to believe!—

> 'Believe till saved from sin's remains—
> Believe ourselves to Heaven!'

"I would gladly pursue this subject—it is to me a delightful one. And the more I converse or write about it, the more longings I feel after it. But I must drop it now. . . .

"Begging an interest still in your prayers,

"I remain,

"Your unworthy but sincere friend,

"W. MURRISH."

He greatly prized that good old Methodist ordinance, the *Love-Feast;* and usually did his part towards carrying out its intentions, by therein relating his experience of the dealings of God with his soul. But while he was a thoroughly earnest Christian, his was an intelligent earnestness. "The fervour of" his "zeal," was "the pure flame of love." And that flame burned steadily, and constantly: like the fire on the altar of God, in olden time, —that went not out, from year to year. The

following letters contain sound views of religious fervour; and of the importance of wholeheartedness in the Christian life.

"COCKS, *January* 21, 1852.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

"I am sorry to inform you that I shall not be at your house to-morrow, as I led you to expect. . . . . Were it not that I hope to come shortly, and spend more time with you than I [should] be able to do to-morrow, I would endeavour to remove even mountain difficulties out of the way, and come as I agreed to do.

"I had a good day last Sunday. Felt [it] very good in visiting the sick. Truly this work is

'—— Privileged
Beyond the commons walks of virtuous life.'

"I hope we shall have a good day, if spared to see next Sabbath—and a crowning Lovefeast in the evening. We—you and I—must pray for it. O for the baptism of the Holy Ghost! The fire of divine love!—

'Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.'

You know I don't like *rant.* But I like *life.* Not life of our own making—'Sparks of our own kindling,'—but life from the *Source* of life.

"With kind regards,

"I remain,

"Yours affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

"COCKS, *Feb.* 25, 1852.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

". . . . . I am not coming warm from the closet like my dear friend when he wrote the last letter to me,—though I have been there this evening, and have prayed for a blessing upon this feeble effort as I would on every other undertaking. 'Tis very desirable to have these *clearing up* seasons. It must be so to the mariners, when, after sailing for days without seeing the sun, suddenly he bursts through the cloud, and they are enabled to take their observations, and to set to rights all their dead reckoning. I feel sorry that I have so much of this *dead*

reckoning.—Hardly know, sometimes, whether my reckoning is right or not. I hope while you are sailing on direct for the heavenly Canaan, ... and should see 'the William,'—hardly knowing where to steer,—that you will not forget to throw a rope to take him in tow; or send your boat alongside with some such encouragement as there was in your last letter. It is good to have a few instructions now and then, and a few encouragements, sailing in these dead latitudes.

"Your last letter afforded me much pleasure. To find that you are 'growing in grace,' and 'sometimes delightfully happy,' gives me more satisfaction than if you were put into possession of great earthly treasures. I feel interested in your spiritual prosperity. You are a Minister of the Gospel—and your influence will be refreshing, or withering. You will either

'Lure to brighter worlds, and lead the way,'—

or be a blind leader of the blind, and 'both will fall into the ditch.' O may 'your eye be single . . . . that your whole body may

be full of light!' May your 'bow abide in strength, and the arms of your hands be made strong by [the hands] of the mighty God of Jacob!' While writing, I feel the importance, in some measure, of your position—standing on the walls of Zion, with the Gospel trumpet! O that it may ever give a certain sound—that God's people may prepare themselves for the battle—that His enemies may quail, and yield themselves willing captives! For yield they must in some way:—'The Lamb shall overcome them.' May it be in a way of mercy! And O that you may be one of those that shall be 'with Him, called, and chosen, and faithful!' . . . . . Go on, ambassador of God, in an earnest and faithful discharge of thy duties! 'Bright and glorious are the fields before thee! Girded and strong,' I trust, will be 'thy companions!' I must conclude. . . . . .

"May heaven's blessings rest on you and yours!

"Yours, with much esteem and affection,

"W. MURRISH."

Again, he adverts to *Christian Perfection*, and laments his seeming distance from the possession of its happiness and spiritual power. He was no fanatic: he did not imagine that that perfection consisted in a mere rapture. He believed in it, and desired it, as a high state of happiness; but he longed for it, and sought its realization, especially, as "an *entire separation* from sin; an *entire preparation* for God; and an *entire dedication* to God." Nor was he an enthusiast; he did not look for the end, without using the means—as the following letters plainly show:

"COCKS, *July* 12, 1852.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

". . . It is now between ten and eleven o'clock . . . . and I am tired. I have not forgotten our last meeting yet, and I would fain devote a few minutes to the subject of our conversation, or to tell you a little of my experience since. O that I could tell you that I am in the midst of the Promised Land! 'But are you wishing still?' You are, perhaps, ready to say—Yes, wishing still. But

not without a little more effort—more prayer—more watching thereunto—more confidence in that Almighty Being, whose will is that I should fully receive His image. I see there is much work to be done. I am far behind. . . . I must maintain a constant sense of the presence of God. On review, I see I have many times allowed hours in the day to pass away with little thought of God—little ejaculatory prayer. Not that I think I am going to *do* anything to *merit* salvation. I know that we receive simply by faith. But we are told to 'repent,' to 'break up the fallow ground,' and not sow 'among thorns.' I see with me there must be a resolute forming of better, more prayerful, habits—looking earnestly to God for grace to do it. Oh, pray for me, that I may not be always forming resolutions, and breaking them, like those who

'Resolve, and re-resolve—and die the same.'

"Now you will permit me to retire to rest—for it is time. May the Lord bless you!

"Most affectionately yours,

"W. MURRISH."

"COCKS, *Sept.* 23, 1852.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

". . . . I might write a little of my experience, but . . . it is so unsatisfactory to myself that it never can be, I think, of any service to any one else. Gladly would I write to you from Canaan, but

'In the wilderness I stray.'

How can I write from here, midst

'Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears?'

But lately I have not felt very much of this. Not much trouble of soul—but generally in a calm state — I fear too much of a dead calm. Better to have the smacking breeze! However, I have felt some little stirring, and I am giving myself a little more to prayer—but want 'the constant power to pray.' I find I have to fight against prayerless habits. On examining myself, I discover that my thoughts have not been kept under proper control. How true it is that 'out of' the 'heart' 'are the issues of life!' And how necessary that it should be kept 'with all diligence!' How profitable is this work of keeping the heart! This will enable

us to maintain that state of recollection from which, Mr. Fletcher says, 'it is easy to pass to delightful prayer.' There must be more of ejaculatory prayer, as well as more wrestling in the closet. O for power! . . . This will be granted, I have no doubt, if I persevere. Our God is a covenant-keeping God. He 'is not slack concerning His promise.' But—and let the truth sink down into my heart—He will not lavish His blessings where they are not earnestly desired. . . We know that He delights to replenish the *longing*, the *thirsty* soul. O for this hungering and thirsting after righteousness!—'They shall be filled.'—Shall it be you and I? I want the new nature altogether. And while I write, I am ready to say, I shall have it! Why not? God has said, 'I *will cleanse you; a new heart will I give you, a new spirit will I put within you. I will take away the stoney heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and you shall keep my judgments, and do them.*' This is what I am wanting. Well, then, as John

Smith used to say, 'God and you are agreed!'

'O glorious hope of perfect love!'

Even the *hope* of it cheers. But what a difference between the hope and the enjoyment!

"I was struck this morning, while looking into the Conference Address for 1847, with some remarks there on the hinderances of religion in our times. You may not have it at hand, so I will give you an extract:—'There is a great, and, in many respects, a melancholy change in the character of the times in reference to secular pursuits. Competition now urges every man in business to throw his whole soul into it, and to pursue it with an ardour *that only needs to be transferred to religion, to insure the speedy conversion of the world.* The difficulty of securing wealth, or even competence, in the ordinary path of labour, the "haste to be rich," and other causes, have led many to engage in speculations which have not only hazarded their own commercial safety, but have, in many instances, ruined both themselves and others. The effect

of such excessive pursuit of wealth is soon seen in the abatement of religious fervour, in the increase of mere formalism, and in conformity to the spirit, fashion, and practices, of the world. The love of the Father cannot abide in us conjointly with the love of the world. . . . . The Holy Spirit forsakes the regions of storms and troubled waters, and retires to bless those who seek peace in secret meditation, and prayer, and praise.'

"I must now draw to a close. You have my best wishes and feeble prayers for your success, especially in your ministry. . . . . May every needful temporal and spiritual blessing be vouchsafed to you and yours!

"Your unworthy, but affectionate friend,

"W. MURRISH."

V.

TOIL AND TRUST.

"Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:—
'Trust in God, and do the right!'

"Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
'Trust in God, and do the right!'"

MANY are the vicissitudes in the life of a miner, in the tin and copper mines of Cornwall. His toil is extreme; his perils are numerous; and his earnings—in general low enough—are often uncertain. There are two classes of miners: the one mainly employed in sinking shafts, or pits; and in breaking and clearing ways through the rocky ground in search of ore, or in order

to its being procured; the other, employed chiefly in working the ground where there is ore in sight.

With the former class, it is usually a question of so many feet, or fathoms, of ground cleared, at a certain rate of payment per fathom. With the latter class, it is a question of so much ore raised, subject to a certain per centage, as *tribute* to the owners of the mine.

If with the men of the first named class, the ground should prove more difficult to work during the month, than it was when they entered upon their engagement, they will clear less of it, and consequently receive less pay. But if it should become easier instead of harder, they may not go beyond the limit set them. So that, although their wages are somewhat steady, they are never large,—sometimes they are very small. Also with the men of the other class—"tributers" as they are called—if in the course of the month, or, two months—the usual time stipulated—there should be a much less proportion of ore in the ground, than was in sight or in

anticipation, when the terms were accepted, they come short in their receipts,—sometimes not earning enough to pay for their working materials: so that, at the reckoning day, instead of having something to receive, they find themselves in debt to the mine.

On the other hand, if the ground should prove *richer* than was anticipated, when the rate of tribute was fixed, their earnings increase in proportion—sometimes amounting to a considerable sum.

A Cornish miner is generally competent to take his place in either class. The subject of these pages was usually among the *tributers;* and one of those pieces of good fortune, which sometimes fall to their lot, was enjoyed by him during our acquaintance, to this he refers in the following letter:—

"COCKS, *Oct.* 17, 1853.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

"I thank you for your kind letter. . . . . Don't think I am not pleased unless you send me a *long* letter. Long or short, as you can manage it, will always please

me. I feel thankful to say the Lord has greatly prospered me at the mine lately. You know I was working hard the two months before you left—I told you we had done pretty well; but I did not know then that we had got so much, by a good deal, as we really had,—more than £95 per man, the two months. . . Do you not see a kind Providence in this? You know I was led to look around me some months ago, and hardly knew where to go to get a living for myself and my dear partner and little ones, who do indeed

'Give zest to toil, and energy to life.'

But you see how things are altered. To God, my faithful, Almighty, Friend, be all the praise! O that I could praise Him sufficiently for all His benefits to body and soul!

'O for a humbler heart, and prouder song!'

"18*th.*—Just returned from Class, where I have had a good meeting. I came home from mine very much tired—for we work hard still—but I felt the Lord nigh indeed. My soul was like a watered garden—I hardly knew

how to leave off praying. Thank God, 'He owns *me* for His child!' How shall I make a suitable return to my Heavenly Father?

> 'My soul, with all its powers,
> Thine, only Thine, shall be!'

"I am glad you are able to report progress Heavenward. I trust I, too, am making some headway towards the haven. May the Lord help us on! We don't sail in company now;* but never mind, we are bearing on towards the Heavenly Port. . . . .

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

In the winter of 1853–54, we had arranged to hold a series of special services in Devonport, for the purpose of promoting a revival of religion amongst us; and I communicated to him our plans of operation.—Ever awake to the work of God, and to the good of his fellow-men; and ever ready to encourage, he wrote:—

* I had removed to the Devonport Circuit.—W. D. T.

"*January* 24, 1854.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

". . . . I have received your note, &c. . . . I very much approve of your plan; and trust your members will fall in with it heartily. It seems but a little thing for the members of a Class, or of a Society, to double their number in a year. There will be opposition. Satan and his emissaries will try to hinder the work, but

> 'This is the victory,
> Before our faith they fall!'

'Hell is nigh, but Christ is nigher.' But there must be fervent prayer. Dr. Young is right, as we have proved, when he says,

> 'Prayer ardent, opens Heaven.'

The Saviour has given us every encouragement to be *importunate.* And though it seems hard work at times, yet how healthful to the soul is the exercise! And when we can rest upon the word of our God, and say, The promise is for *me*—how refreshing! . . . .

"I trust you will continue to remember me at the throne of grace. And God forbid that I

should cease to pray for you. I have thought of you this evening, and feebly borne you and the congregation before the Lord. . . . . Don't be discouraged. Bear manfully up. You are God's ambassador! What a Master —what a King, you represent! O that with a heart full of love, you may tell the people of His claims upon their affections, their services, their all!

"I have read 'Father Reeves, the Lambeth Class Leader,' lately—perhaps you have seen it. How he used his humble talents—and how God blessed his labours! The reading of that book among your leaders and members at this time, if they have not read it, would no doubt do good. . . . .

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

In the same cheerful and encouraging strain is the next letter, written shortly after the preceding:—

"*Feb.* 16*th*, 1854.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

"I was glad to receive your very kind letter of the 6th inst., and I began, the very next evening after I received it, to write an answer, but my metallic pen, for some strange reason, would not perform its accustomed office. I tried, and tried again, but the ink absolutely refused to come out of it. I searched in vain for another, and, at length, gave up in despair—or you would have had an answer a week sooner. This comes to you written with a new pen, which Martin—thoughtful boy—brought home from school for me, without my naming it to him. . . . .

"Very glad to hear that you are getting on so well with your special services. I trust this will be the beginning of good days with you. Not a mere spasmodic effort, to subside, and leave you more cold than before. Not 'like the mountain torrent, which foams, and rushes, and finally evaporates in the turbulence of its own course;'—but like the river that runs through the valley, increasing by

tributary streams, and fertilizing the country through which it runs.

"It must have been a solemn time with you all at Morrice-street last Sunday week. I was affected to read about Mr. and Mrs. Olver, and family. What an affecting sight it must have been, to see them on the deck, just ready to launch into eternity!*

"My brother Moses is at Mineral Point, with our friends, and seems to be getting on pretty well in temporal matters, and is very

* They were lost in the "Tayleur," an emigrant ship that sailed from Liverpool for Melbourne, late in January, 1854, with 652 persons on board. A furious storm arose—she was wrecked in Dublin Bay—and 370 lives were lost. The following is the part of my letter—dated DEVONPORT, *February 6th*—to which W. Murrish refers:—"Last night, at Morrice-street, I had to refer to the death of two estimable members of our Society, who perished in the 'Tayleur'—Mr. and Mrs. Olver. They had been soundly converted two years ago—and remained very devoted and useful—much esteemed in the church. They sent letters to some of their friends here, only a few days before sailing, in which they spoke most feelingly of their religious enjoyment; and expressed their warmest gratitude to the friends who brought them to Jesus. Just as the unfortunate vessel was going down, they were seen on the deck, with their little ones around them, engaged in prayer. Last night's service was a very solemn one. . . . Held a prayer-meeting afterwards, at which a vast number stayed. Four persons, after weeping much, and praying earnestly, professed to find peace with God. They were filled with comfort, and have given their names to meet in Class." —W. D. T.

steady. I am glad you so regularly remember him and his unworthy brother, at a throne of grace. May it be repaid a thousand times into your own bosom!—I trust you will continue to pray for us.

"With kind regards,

"Yours affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

A visit to my old friends at Bolingey, on behalf of one of their Society interests, gave occasion to the following characteristic note:—

"*October* 31*st*, 1854.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"It is time for me to fulfil my promise to 'write first.' . . . I hope you got to Devonport all right, and found your dear partner and little ones all well. What a consolation that we have a home to go to in this wilderness world—where we can meet with a kind welcome! I don't envy the happiness of those—however rich they may be—who are without a loving family circle; a peaceful, happy, home.

"On leaving you, my mind was led to dwell on important subjects. Especially on that religion that sweetens earthly friendships; that gives the hope that—though we are separated here, and our intercourse only occasional and brief—we shall meet ere long to part no more. From meditation I was led to prayer: and by the time I reached home, I was in a good frame—it seemed as if I loved my family with a purer affection than usual. . . . .

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

Loving his home, he loved his country too—and was among her truest patriots. Who shall say what England owes to "the fervent, effectual prayers" of her many "righteous" sons, which "avail much?" Her army and her navy are great, and have been terrible to her foes; but the prayers of her people are mighty with God on her behalf—as they ascend from the halls of wealth, and from ten thousand cottage-homes. England can ill spar

such patriotism as that which breathes in the following brief note, written while the Crimean war was raging :—

"*December 8th*, 1854.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I am thankful to you for the '*Telegraph*.' The stirring account of the action at Balaklava by the *Times Correspondent*, is worth preserving. Oh, this war! I have been led to pray more about it of late. 'The battle is the Lord's.' And my cry has been 'O may England live before Thee.' I am [illegible] to my Heavenly Father that I [illegible] led to follow more [illegible] closer union with [illegible] conformity. Shall [illegible]

[illegible]

VI.

BEREAVEMENT AND CONSOLATION.

"Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.

"Jesus saith unto her, thy brother shall rise again.

"Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.

"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"—*John* xi. 21-26.

THERE is no path in life without its pains; and no pain, without its alleviation. Of all the griefs that sadden our earthly lot, few are deeper, or more entirely beyond the power of human aid to solace, than that which proceeds from *bereavement.* Stricken by this, the heart can turn for succour to God only—who gave, and who taketh away; who

woundeth, and who alone can heal. In that deep sorrow, the crushed spirit often shrinks from human comforters,—choosing rather to be alone with its grief and its God.

When friends are called away, the greatest solace for our grief—after the first terrible shock has subsided — arises from a well-grounded and divinely - sustained assurance, that they are gone "to be with Christ; which is far better" than the best earthly lot. —This sheds light upon the darkest hour; and gives a sure, an abiding consolation, in the most desolating bereavement.

William Murrish's eldest brother had been his early instructor and guardian—his

"Guide, philosopher, and friend."

The influence which he exerted upon the life and character of his younger brother, had been gentle, but powerful; and of permanent advantage. A warm attachment was cherished between them;—each was to the other, chief friend, and adviser, in the various cares and engagements of life.

Mr. James Murrish was a worthy man; a devoted Christian; and an intelligent and

acceptable Local Preacher: a man much esteemed in the Methodist Society — and among others—at Truro, where he had resided for several years. In the prime of life, he was called to his rest—leaving many to mourn his removal; but none to "sorrow as without hope:"—there was serene and unclouded hope as to his everlasting happiness.

From the house of his late brother, now saddened by the presence of death, my friend wrote me as follows:—

"TRURO, *December* 30*th*, 1854.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"I write this from a 'house of mourning.' You will be surprised to hear that my dear brother James breathed his last yesterday, a little after one o'clock. He had been unwell for some months, as you are aware; but was rather better lately, and able to attend his business, till a little more than a fortnight ago; [when] he was taken with a fever—a kind of low fever. He appeared to be getting the better of that, but had a relapse. . . . . I was with him on Thursday, the day before he died. He was not able to converse much

without difficulty — but told Mr. Gostick, who came to see him, that he had nothing to disturb the peace of his mind—spiritually. He was anxious, I know, to be spared for the sake of his family. Mr. G. told him he was kindly remembered at the Local Preachers' Meeting, and prayed for. '*Dear friends!*' he said, with emotion. And when I was leaving him to go home—not thinking it would be the last time I should see him alive — he drew me down to him, and kissed me; saying, with the greatest affection, '*Dear brother!*'

"Excuse me, my dear friend, for not writing more at present. My heart is heavy, but bowing to the divine will—bending before the blast. My prayer is—Let it be sanctified to my good—and the good of all! . . . O that it may be so! That I may be able, after a while, to say—

'For all I praise Thee—most for the severe;
For this I praise Thee, that my heart has bled.'

"With kind regards,

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

And the desire of his heart was soon granted.—A full alleviation of his sorrow came, and he was enabled to utter, as his own, the poet's words of blessing—quoted above. Shortly afterwards he wrote thus :—

"COCKS, *January* 16*th*, 1855.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

"I don't know that I have had time to write you since I wrote you last, till now. I have had letters to write, and various extra duties to perform, so that my time has been pretty much occupied.

"I feel thankful that the leaden weight of sorrow, that I felt hanging about my heart when I wrote you last, has, in a great measure, passed away. My dear brother was interred at the Cemetery in Truro on the 2nd. Mr. Morris read the service in the Chapel; and Mr. Gostick at the grave. There was a numerous and respectable attendance. After we came back from the funeral, we had two or three prayers before we separated. And, O, how my soul was blessed! I could praise God for *all*. I felt such an assurance that my

dear brother was among the blessed in paradise, that my heart was full! and it was accompanied by a sweetness that was inexpressible. It took away my grief, and I have felt but little of it since. . . . .

"With kind regards, I remain,

"Yours very affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

When a little child is removed by death, anxiety as to its happiness, is seldom an ingredient in the Christian's cup of sorrow. The hush of the innocent prattle—the absence, everywhere, of the sunny head, and fairie form—the temporary *loss* of the little treasure—are the chief causes of the stricken parents' grief. But that grief is lightened—Oh how greatly!—by the assurance of their loved one's eternal safety, through the all-prevalent merits of Christ.—

Blest is the infant band,
  Safe gathered home to God
From out of every land,
  By saint or savage trod.

For these the bleeding Lamb
Fulfilled all righteousness;
He placed on them His name,
And will them all confess.

Sometimes, as a preparation for the coming stroke, the mind is strangely elevated by a sudden strengthening of that "faith" which "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." So that when the great sorrow comes, the *grave* with all its darkness is forgotten, and the bereaved one looks through his tears, directly and only to the world of light and joy, with an unutterable assurance that "*it is well with the child.*"

Thus mercifully was it ordered, in the visitation to which the following consolatory letter refers:—

"*March* 14*th*, 1855.

"My dear afflicted Friend,

"We deeply sympathize with you in this severe and sudden bereavement. We have indeed drunk of the same cup—but not so deeply,—ours was not the *First-born;* neither was she so old as your dear little Charlotte Elizabeth. Yet, still, we found in parting

with our dear little girl, ties had to be severed, which had entwined themselves very tenaciously around our hearts. . . . .

"If I thought you had no way of getting at Mr. Treffry's 'Lines addressed to Mrs. Wood, of Bristol, on the death of her infant son,' I would write them off, and send them to you. They are in the *Magazine* for 1820. Some of them run thus:—

'Cease, my friend, thy lot to mourn,
Never shall thy babe return.
Think, O think, how honoured thou,
He—*she*—inherits glory now!

'Canst thou then repine at this—
Grieve to see thy child in bliss?
Grieve to see her transient day
Pass so rapidly away?

'Grieve to think that death's last dart,
Never more shall pierce her heart;
That her race of pain is run:
And her crown of glory won?

'Rather let thy faith behold
Heaven's bright city decked with gold.
On th' eternal hills up-reared,
Ere this goodly frame appeared.—

'There amidst the radiant band,
See thy blood-bought infant stand;
Vieing with the angel throng—
Glory! glory! all their song!

These lines have been a comfort to me many times.

"Bear up, my dear friend. This is among the 'all things' that 'work together for good.' 'Tis for our profit :—

> 'God gives us friends, to bless the present scene ;
> Removes them, to prepare us for the next.'

May we join our dear little ones again, in the haven of eternal repose !

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

A desire for the salvation of others—especially of immediate relatives — is natural to the Christian heart. It is not remarkable, therefore, that William should intensely long for the conversion of his younger brother, Moses, — who had lived with him, chiefly, since the death of their parents. He was an honest, well-looking youth—affectionate, energetic, buoyant, and witty ; a good singer, with some skill in music : qualities which made him "a capital fellow," and a favourite with his companions—but which also laid him open to some danger.

Mingling with the stream of emigration that had set in towards America, he left his brother's cottage, to improve his fortunes in the mines of the new world—whither some of his relatives and friends had gone before him. He departed with many a blessing; and was followed by daily prayers for his welfare—especially for his conversion to God. And the following extract shows that prayer was not offered in vain.—This consolation was afforded: while an elder brother was exalted to the glorified church above, a younger brother was raised from a state of sin, to a place in the church of the living God on earth:

"*March 30th,* 1855.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

" . . . There is something I hasten to tell you, which I know will rejoice your heart.—I have received a letter from John, since I wrote you last, stating that *Moses is converted!* O how thankful I feel for this cheering intelligence! Poor dear boy! He has been afflicted for months, [at Lake Superior and Mineral Point]. But in his

affliction he was led to seek the Lord. John says, 'a more sincere, humble, and importunate penitent you never saw; nor a more clear conversion and consistent life.'—I know you will thank God on reading this, with me, and take courage to pray on. . . . .

"Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

Though "in labours abundant," he was still found improving every passing opportunity for ministering comfort to the sick; and storing his own mind with general information—which he evidently knew how to apply. After a long and hard day's work, amomg other matters, he wrote:—

"*April 27th*, 1855.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

" . . . It is between ten and eleven o'clock, and after a tiresome day, I feel rather disposed to court 'tired nature's sweet restorer.'—'The sleep of a labouring man is sweet.'—I was rather late home from chapel—called to see a sick person—several

of our neighbours are ill, and several have died lately. While I was waiting for a cup of tea, I took up Wellington's Life—which William had left on the table—and read the account of the Battle of Assye, in the East Indies, when 4,500 British and Sepoys, routed 50,000 Mahrattas. God surely gave victory to our armies in the East, and put that vast empire into our hands, in order that we might give it the Gospel. Perhaps I shall hear something about your Missionary-meetings, and what the Gospel is effecting, when I get *your letter.*

"All pretty well—good night—God bless you and yours.

"Yours very affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

The following unpretending note further illustrates his habits of industry; and discloses that spirit of contentment which helped him to bear his burdens, and sweetened all his hours of toil :—

"*May* 11*th*, 1855.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"It is after ten o'clock, but I think I must send you a few lines to-morrow. I have delayed it longer than I intended. Last week was our 'sampling,' and a week of more than ordinary toil; and this week some of my evenings have been occupied in removing rubbish, &c, in our new building. I worked last night till between nine and ten, and then went to bed thoroughly tired. I hope to bring that job to a close shortly—but don't expect my *labour* will be over then. Well, thank God for a contented mind! . .

"Your faithful friend,

"W. MURRISH."

And now, with adoring gratitude, he could say, "*My cup runneth over!*"—His brother Moses had written him himself—from a renewed mind, and a full heart. And, "as cold waters to a thirsty soul, so" was this "good news from a far country."—(Prov. xxv. 25). Knowing that I shared his interest in his absent brother, he wrote:—

"*July* 27, 1855.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"It is with pleasure that I enclose to you a letter from Moses. It has been long looked for, but it has paid me in the perusal for waiting—for all the anxiety I have felt, and all the feeble prayers I have offered for my dear young brother. What present could he send me that would be of so much value to me as this affecting letter! I had something to do to get through it, for the 'moist impediments upon my speech.' It completely unmanned me — as some would say. But John Smith, who was a hero, by nature as well as by grace, said, 'Think it not unmanly to weep.' It will afford you much pleasure to read it, I know. . . .

"I am thankful to be able to inform you that we are all pretty well, by the blessing of our God; and moving on just in the usual way. I told my wife to-day, 'We are rich'—according to Dr. Clarke's definition of a rich man, in his sermon on 'The rich man and Lazarus,'—having 'the *necessaries, conveniences,* and *comforts* of life.' To Our Heavenly Father

be all the praise, for every temporal and spiritual blessing!

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

The foregoing letters from my friend need no further comment. They show the manliness of his mind and heart—as he trusted in God, and did the right; and strove to help and comfort those around him. Whether in the church, or in the world—he was a man—a true man. If Pope's line be admitted:—

> "An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

he was that. Or if we take that broader, loftier, standard:—

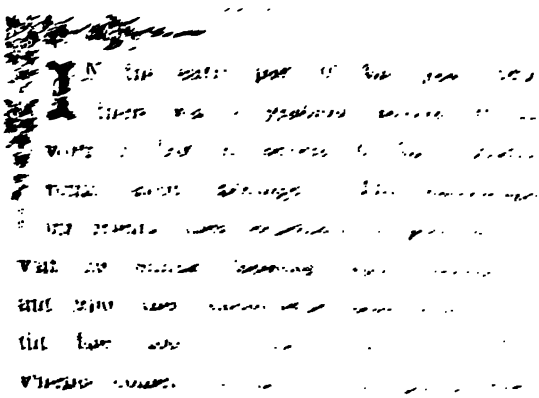
> "The Christian is the highest style of man,"—

he was Christian; and, therefore, such a man—one of that "highest style."

VII.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty,
And floods upon the dry ground;
I will pour my spirit upon thy seed,
And my blessing upon thine offspring
And they shall spring up as among the grass
As willows by the water courses
One shall say, I am the LORD's.
And another shall call himself by the name of Jacob,
[illegible]



"O Lord, revive thy work!" — unitedly, believingly, fervently, effectually—with "the prayer of the righteous"—and the Lord heard their cry, and answered them. The Church was quickened, and the number of believers multiplied. William Murrish was one of those who diligently engaged in prayer and praise, and in invitation and encouragement, in connection with that divine work. And how he rejoiced to see sinners converted to God, and how that good work prospered; may be gathered from the following extracts from his letters, written at the time:—

"*February* 16, 1856.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

"I snatch a few moments this morning to write to you. I can't leave it longer. But in the past week I have not had a fragment of time to write, or I would with great pleasure [have written] more fully than I shall now be able to do. Perhaps you would wish to know how my time is so fully occupied? I will tell you. I mentioned in my last, that there was a Revival

at Penhallow. They have had a good work there. Eighteen or twenty, I believe, have been brought in; half of them, I should think, married people—some of them, old. At Goonhavern, they have had some good doing. Then it began at Rose, where they had a stirring work for some time,—between thirty and forty members have been added there.

Well, hearing of Revivals around us, and feeling the want of one for ourselves and the people, we agreed, three weeks ago, to have special services. We kept them on the first week without any apparent result, and some said, 'There will be no revival at Bolingey, they are too dead,' &c. But God had put it into the hearts of his people to pray—and He by His spirit can quicken,—Blessed be His name! There was more of divine influence one evening,—[in the second week,] it went through the meeting like fire. At other times there was the deep and earnest struggle with many of God's people. At the close of that week one young man was led to weep. The next evening—last

Sunday—a great number stayed at the prayer-meeting: and two or three were affected; one young woman went away weeping aloud. Monday night we had three penitents. . . . . Tuesday, the struggle of prayer: and more affected. Wednesday, a blessed time: three conversions, and several more impressed. One married man fell like a stone, and wrestled in agony till he was made happy. Thursday night, two or three penitents more. Last night Mr. Haime preached an impressive sermon on, 'Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.' (Deut. xxxii. 31.) A good time: three or four conversions, and more penitents. All praise to Him, to whom it is due!—Must close for the post. Pray, O, pray for us, that the work may go on! . .

"Your affectionate friend,

"W. MURRISH."

The following gives further details of the progress of the revival.—As in apostolic times, "the Lord added to the church daily."—

"The people had a mind to work;" and their "labour" was "not in vain in the Lord"—neither as to others, nor themselves: as the experience of the subject of these pages shows. For though his bodily strength somewhat failed through the continuous strain upon it, yet, spiritually, he went "from strength to strength."

"*March* 4, 1856.

"DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

". . . This is the first time I have had to write for the last fortnight. We have been carrying on our meetings now six weeks — and I have been every night, with the exception of two or three class-meetings,—and I went after one of them. But to-night I staid home—my throat is not in first rate order. So much singing and praying, with a little cold that has been hanging about me for weeks, have dulled my voice a little—otherwise, I am thankful to say, I am pretty well. . . . . Our revival still continues. . . . . penitents

down, or conversions taking place every evening, I may say, for the last three weeks. It is not on a large scale—but progressive."

[After dwelling with pleasure on the fact that some of the more respectable, or better educated of the hearers at the chapel were among the new converts, and giving the names of a few—he proceeds :—]

"What is gratifying to me—and will be to you—is, that it has taken hold of our Sunday-school in such a manner. Several of our teachers have been converted, more have begun to meet in class ;—[also] several of our elder scholars.

"15*th.*—*Saturday morning.*—I am sorry I have kept you so long without a letter. You see I began this eleven days ago—and I have had no evening since, nor morning, till now, to write. 'Sampling' has come in with other things—so that I never was so much engaged in all my life as I have been for the last seven weeks. But don't think it has been all hurry and bustle. No, my dear friend, I am happy to tell you it has been a time of much prayer,

and many special seasons of refreshing. My soul has been—and still is—following more 'hard after God,' I think, than ever it was before. My earnest prayer is,—Let Thy will be done in me; let me be all Thou wouldest have me be; 'fulfil in me all the good pleasure of Thy goodness, and the work of faith with power!' I am looking up to God, through Jesus Christ. That verse is often in my mind:—

> 'If what I wish is good,
> And suits the will divine;
> By earth and hell in vain withstood,
> I know it shall be mine!'

Help me by your prayers. I want the Saviour to sit unrivalled on the throne of my heart.—O how desirable is this, my dear friend, how infinitely desirable is this! But Satan does not relish this. He wants to have at least a corner in 'the Town of Mansoul.'—But can you tell me why I may not have *a clean heart?*

"We are still carrying on our meetings. . . Have always penitents—though, from the first, the work has been gradual. We have had

three conversions this week. And I hear of two or three others—grown persons—who are coming to class-meeting to-morrow. I should think Fifty, or more, have been added to our Society. My class has increased from eleven, to between thirty and forty. W. Kernick, too, has had a large addition.

"In a letter received this week, a person says, 'Moses is well. *I had the pleasure of hearing him pray with the penitents* last night,'—they have a revival at Mineral Point, too, it seems. . . . .

"Your affectionate friend,

"W. MURRISH."

Again he reports progress in numbers; and records their triumphant joy in the Lord.

"*April* 5, 1856.

"VERY DEAR FRIEND,

". . . Brief are the scraps of time I have for writing. I am home this morning, and have arisen after a short sleep to write a few lines more to you before the old post-man comes along. . . . . We

are still carrying on our meetings at Bolingey. As yet I don't see how we could break off. We have always some seeking mercy. Had two new members at our Tuesday evening meeting this week. One was a woman, more than fifty; the other, a married man—a backslider. I should think there will be between Sixty and Seventy, to have notes [of admission, on trial], in our Society.

"Never, I think, did I hear such a burst of praise, as we had in our class last Sunday morning. I am glad to see them holding on their way; and so many of them happy in God. . . . .

"Yours very affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

A thousand endearments wrought in him a love of home, and

"Bound him to his native vale;"

not the least of these, were his religious associations, and the work of God. But the failing of the mines, compelled his leaving for a little while. His lot was cast, however,

with men of kindred spirit; and with them he delighted to join in the service of the Lord. The following letter refers in his own way to this short change:—

"ANGARRACK, near Hayle, *Feb.* 3, 1858.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You wished me to write you, to let you know how I am getting on. . . . You see, by the heading of my letter, that I am away from Cocks. Yes, I am indeed!—The loved village where I first drew my breath, and where those who are dear as my life dwell, is some eighteen miles off. The truth is, I am in temporary exile. . . . . Left my poor Jane on Monday morning with her apron to her eyes. And now—

'Forced from home, and all its pleasures,'—

I think of those I love and esteem, and not the least among them is the friend to whom I now write.

"The day after I saw you, I received a letter from a friend in this place, stating that he heard I was out of employ, and that there was a place for me. . . . So as I was out, I

thought perhaps it was better to embrace it for the present. It was not without a struggle that I did so—but here I am. . . . . I suppose I shall not go home till Saturday afternoon. — Trust I shall find the 'dear domestic host' all well. . . . Just returned from a class-meeting, where we have had a revival—two conversions. . . .

"Yours ever affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

In a short time employment offered in his own neighbourhood—and he was soon at home again. The following extract from a letter, written towards the close of the same year, shows him to have been still making religion the business of life; and striving to apprehend his full privilege in Christ—despite the subtle opposition of the foe:—

"*December* 2, 1858.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

". . . I have occasionally 'times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' Yet the more I strive after conformity

to the will of God,—in a word, the more I strive after holiness, the more I find that 'Hinderances strew all the way.' Is not this strange? How can it be accounted for, but by supposing that we have opposition, and difficulties thrown in our way by invisible foes? Unbelief, too, I think, is a grand hinderance. It is not only the great sin of the world, in unrenewed man—this want of faith in the earth—but there is much of this sublimated poison infused into the hearts of God's children. But I must drop this subject for the present, or you may think I am trying to preach a sermon. Will you pray for me, and let me have some of your thoughts on this subject?

"Yours very affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

VIII.

EVENING.

"The day is Thine—the night also is Thine."

"My times are in Thy hand."—PSA. lxxiv. 16; xxxi. 15.

THOUGH in the prime of life, as to years, yet "the strong man" began now to "bow himself;" and I saw, with deep concern, that that affection of the organs of breathing — mainly brought on by inhaling impure air in the mines, and which brings many a miner to an early grave, — was evidently threatening the constitution of my friend. His breath began to fail him, and his strength gradually to diminish.

Living now at some considerable distance

apart, we could see each other only after long intervals. But he opened his mind freely to me by letter now, as before: and the following extracts will show the man, and the Christian, amid the certain indications of failing health, with all its solemn issues :—

"*April* 11, 1859.

"My dear Mr. Tyack,

". . . I am on the doctor's list. . . . He has sent a message to me to-day, not to work till I see him—so here I am. What this will come to, or end in, the Lord only knows. I look at it calmly—but, at the same time, seriously. I have a wife who is not very strong to leave without her earthly prop; and five children who, one would think, can but badly spare father yet. And there are nearly fifty members in [my] two classes. I should feel to leave them, though I know my place might be far better filled in the church. I am far from considering that it is necessary to let *me* live, in order that the work of God may be carried on. I have a deep sense of my unprofitableness in

this respect. . . . . I can't very well give up the hope that, for the sake of my family, I may be spared a little. But I never saw a miner begin to fail in the way that I am, who ever did much work afterwards; though we may have known some who have lived for several years; and have done some light work.

"Well, my dear and faithful friend, I may say with Luther—'If I die, Jesus Christ lives; and that is enough.' I should be forgotten, at least with the mass, in a short time.

> 'Some few, perchance, might mourn my loss;
> But soon the transient gloom—
> Like shadows of the summer cloud—
> Would leave my narrow tomb.'

"You would not forget your humble friend. Our friendship was formed for eternity. If death should separate us soon, I have a good hope that we shall meet again—never to part.

"But we are still in the land of the living. And may the Lord grant that you may be

spared many years to your family, the Church, and the world! . . . .

"I remain, as ever,

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

"*November* 19, 1859.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"This is my 'soon.' You requested me to write *soon*—and now it is exactly a month from the date of your letter. I intended to write before I received it, that, for once, I might send two to your one—but it was not carried into effect. But it is no use to fill up my little sheet now with apologies. . . . Am feeble for work to what I used to be; and it often depresses me when I find I am hardly a match for my daily task. . . . . There was a time when I could do two or three days' work in one—on a push. But that time is gone by; and now one day's work in a day is enough—and then it must not be

one.—But if I don't stop this, my

filled with complaints, instead of

apologies.—Let me bear my humble testimony for the Lord. With you, I feel He is good to me. I too can humbly say He is my all! In my labour yesterday I felt Him near. I was musing on His being always near to pray and succour me, and these words of Isaiah came to my mind: —

> "I cannot go where universal love
> Love's sacred source."

and I had to repeat to my soul

> "I retreat
> "Your ever-lasting
> "Your Mercies."

His weakness continues, and rather increases, but his spiritual vigour increases, and his faith, and fortitude [illegible] in the divine will, and [illegible] in the Lord — as seen by the following [illegible] in his diary; — are instructive and encouraging to us, who are following after, and [illegible] ourselves have need to [illegible] —

> "Guide with me [illegible]
> The distance [illegible]

"*April* 2, 1860.—For the last eight weeks, I have been laid aside by affliction—inflamation—partially of the lungs. I was confined to the bed for seventeen days; and since I have been able to come down, my recovery has been very slow. I still am an invalid—and when I shall be otherwise, the Lord only knows. But I feel thankful to know that I am in His hands. He has wounded, and it is He only that can make whole. My health has not been so well for the last two or three years; . . . . especially the last twelve months I have felt more shortness of breath, and my flesh has been wasting more perceptibly. But *this* affliction has made a great inroad upon my failing strength. And unless I had the Lord for a 'refuge' in these 'times of trouble,' I should be very unhappy in prospect of the future—especially in regard to my family. But I am thankful to say I am kept from all anxious thought and care about the future. The Saviour's words—'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you,'—are often on my mind. And

I would be more anxious to have that kingdom brought within me, which is 'righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;'—and leave the future,—both with respect to temporal and spiritual things—to the Lord.

'A very little time will clear up all.'

With regard to life, it has been said,—

'How well, is thine; how long, belongs to Heaven.'

I have been endeavouring of late to present myself 'a living sacrifice,' as exhorted in Rom. xii. 1,—in order that I 'may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.'—While making this surrender of all, one morning, the Lord drew nigh. I endeavoured to rest upon that promise:—'I will receive you.' (2 Cor. vi. 17.) I said, Lord, this is Thy word. Thou hast said, 'I will receive you:'—and Thou canst not lie! I hung by naked faith, so to speak, for a minute, perhaps, or more: and then the power came, which made all that was within me rejoice; while tears of joy flowed in streams from my eyes. Since then I have sometimes had good seasons in

reading the Word of God, and other good books. And yesterday had a very good time with some Christian friends, who came to see me. . . . . But I cannot—must not—rest where I am. I want more love to my God; more love to my neighbour. . . . . Thank God! there is more for me,—'Ask, and it shall be given you.' And that we may not doubt about its being the will of God, there is an express command, (Deut. vi. 5), to 'love the Lord' with every power, and faculty, of the soul. O may I 'prove' what is His 'good, and acceptable, and perfect, will!'

An ordinary mind might have been content—under the circumstances—to embody the foregoing record, in the following letter, written to me the next day—but they are notably different:—

"*April* 3, 1860.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

". . . . Am thankful to say I am getting better able to write, as I am

slowly recovering a little strength. But I suppose I must not increase my work so as to use up my little strength as fast as it comes.—That is not the way to get 'sturdy' again, as, in your letter, you (and I fully believe it), wish me again to be. . .

Spring and Summer are coming. April is here, with its smiles and tears. . . . Have only just moved a few yards from the house. As soon as I can, I shall endeavour, as the sailors say, to 'make the chapel.' It is a new thing for me to be kept away eight or nine weeks from 'Zion, the city of our solemnities,'—the place I have attended so many hundreds of times, in the last twenty years—or nearly—since I have cast in my lot with God's people. 'There the Glorious Lord' has been to me 'a place of broad rivers and streams.'—Conscious, too, I am, of being often wanting in faith, and zeal, and earnestness, in God's house and service. I have felt this painfully in this sickness—in reviewing my past life. Still, I have not neglected the house of the Lord. I have always been able to

say,—and can still—and if I were to dwell upon it, I might wet this paper with my tears:—'Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth!'

"My good wife is doing her best to [set] me up again, by getting all the good things she can for me to make use of . . . but all things we know are [under] the control of the Great Disposer of events.

"I need not say '*write*,' to you,—for you are always kind, and mindful of your unworthy friend. I only wonder that you have found so much time to write to *me*.

"With kind regards,

"Your ever affectionate friend,

"W. MURRISH."

Later, in the same month, he wrote the following in his diary:—

"*April* 8.—*Easter Sunday*.—Still I am a prisoner of the Lord—kept from the means of [illegible] I have been reading and endeavouring

to meditate upon the rising of the Lord Jesus. Of what avail was the presence of the Roman guard, when the celestial messenger came down, and 'rolled back the stone from the sepulchre?' And what a touching lesson we have in the example of Mary—lingering after the rest at the sepulchre, and 'weeping.' How much more frequently might we meet with the Saviour, if we were to stay, lingering, and waiting for Him in the closet!—How cheering to the seeking soul, were the words of the angel to the woman—while the Roman guard, almost dead with fear, were scattered around him—sitting on the stone he had just rolled back, 'strong in his might,' surveying the scene like a conqueror, he encourages the poor women:—'FEAR NOT YE! YE SEEK JESUS.'—Who need fear, who sincerely, and earnestly, *seek Jesus?*—Surely no one!

"9th.—I began this record, in order that I might obey that command of the Saviour:—'Gather up the fragments;' and in order that I may in future keep a more strict watch over my heart.—I have long been convinced that

there are depths in the love of Christ, and spirituality of mind, to be attained, to which I, as yet, have been a stranger. I have earnestly prayed for this; and for some time together have pressed after it; but my unbelieving heart—'my old, my bosom foe,'—has been deceitful—and no doubt my spiritual foes have been active at these times—so that I have got indifferent again. I have found that the harder I follow after holiness, the more power I have to work for God;—though often much tried in mind, owing, no doubt, to Satan working on the remains of corruption in my heart.

"This affliction, I trust, will not pass away, without 'yielding the peaceable fruits of righteousness.'—O Lord, help me, or I shall fail! Let me be what Thou wouldst have me be. Increase my faith, for Christ's sake. Amen!

"22nd.—Still kept from the means of grace,—and apparently making but little progress in the divine life. . . . I wish to be sincere, and faithful with my own soul—but too often old habits prevail. In our natural, sinful state,

we live without prayer. Consequently, we have, after our conversion, to form habits of prayer and watchfulness. But it is too often the case, that these good habits are not so thoroughly formed as they should be: and hence our thoughts are so often, and so long at a time, away from the chief good. Well may we cry,

'Help me to watch and pray!'

We need divine help,—but we must not expect the Lord to do our part. '*Keep yourselves*,' it is said, 'in the love of God.' Here is something for us to do. But how is it to be done? St. Jude informs us: it is by 'praying in the Holy Ghost.'—Lord, teach me to pray!—

'The praying spirit breathe;
The watching power impart!'"

In weakness, and enforced seclusion from the public means of grace, he still pursued his spiritual course,—making the best of his circumstances. In the following month, he writes thus, in his private record:—

"*May* 15.—Time flies! More than three

weeks have past away since the last entry; during which I have experienced the goodness of the Lord—particularly the Sunday after I made my last entry.—I was kept from the Lord's house, and felt somewhat disappointed for a short time: but endeavoured to throw that aside: and while looking to the Lord, He became to me 'a place of broad rivers and streams'—and, for a season, I felt something of the 'silent heaven of love.' The name of Jesus arrested my attention; and I began to dwell on it, till my heart warmed, and my eyes overflowed. I ruminated upon some of the expressions in the Canticles:—'What is thy Beloved, more than another beloved?' &c., and my full soul could say,—*My beloved is everything to me!*—'He is the chiefest among ten thousand,—the altogether lovely!'

"This delightful frame of mind passed away; and I have to complain of myself still."

The following letter, written to me early in the next month, still further illustrates his

Christian temper amid the evening shades of life—and is marked by his usual energy :—

"*June* 11, 1860.

DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

"I am glad to inform you that I am still in the land of the living—though I can't report much progress with regard to my health. . . . I generally get along comfortably in mind. Am satisfied that this affliction is from the Lord—and I can't help myself in it—only by bearing up as well as I can, and looking to the Lord for the help I need. I have several things of a temporal kind to occupy my thoughts . . . things wanted to be done on our little farm,—which my hands would gladly do, had I been as I used to be . . . How gladly would I go, to-morrow, and take the hardest work that any of my neighbours have to perform, could I but have the enjoyment of health and strength again! But, the Lord knows, I would not—I do not—repine; and I am generally kept from care and anxiety about the future. . . . .

I feel satisfied, that He who has so graciously brought us on thus far, will in future supply our need.

"I have pretty much time now, you may suppose, for reading—and I am thankful that I can do so now, or write, with so little pain. Have lately read great part of Lady 'Maxwell's Life.' What a witness was she for the truth of the doctrine of entire sanctification! Hers was none of the door-upon-its-hinges experience. Reading the life of such a person, in one sense, is discouraging to one like me—who is so far behind—but on the other hand, it is what the grace of God accomplished in a mortal—one of like passions with myself—and as He is no respecter of persons, I should be encouraged. Have also read 'The Pioneer Bishop,' — the Life of Bishop Asbury, of America; lately published. And 'Cartwright's Autobiography', — a singular book, full of incident. But Cartwright was a rough brother—a backwoods-man, he, indeed! . . .

"Yours very affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

Shortly afterwards, he made these entries in his diary:—

"*June* 26.—Still I am in time! O the mercy and love that have borne with, and still bears with, unworthy me! . . . . Last Sunday morning (19th), my poor old aunt, Jenny Murrish, exchanged mortality for life. She had long desired to depart, and to be with Christ; and told me she feared she should displease the Lord by being too anxious to go. But at last,

> 'Lo! the prisoner is released;
> Lightened of her fleshy load!'

She was in her Eighty-third year—and had had deep waters of affliction and bereavement to pass through. Especially when her husband and eldest son were taken from her at a stroke,—being drowned coming ashore in a boat at the Porth, in July, 1833. But all her sorrows are now left behind; and earth exchanged for Heaven! 'Surely there is an end, and thine expectation shall not be cut off.'

"*27th.*—Last evening I attended our Class-meeting; and felt encouraged, and endeavoured

to encourage others, to press after higher attainments in the divine life. How free it seems at such times! But when alone, or engaged, and have to grapple with the difficulties of life,—how I have been foiled, and have got dejected! But let the past suffice. Let nothing beat me off this truth:—'It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' . . . . 'The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence.'—The Lord is pleased that we should use holy importunity. . . . . Now, then, my soul, up! and be doing! 'Arise! Shake thyself from the dust, and loose thyself from the bands of thy neck!'—More humbly, more courageously, and more perseveringly than ever before, apply thyself to the work! This truth should be enough:—It is the will of God.—Lord, help me, for Jesus' sake!

"*August* 1.—I have not forgotten my last entry: and my cry yesterday, and to-day, has been—Make me as thou wouldst have me be! 'I am Thine, save me!' . . . Am generally in a calm, even, state of mind; but sometimes I feel impatience; and sometimes dejection. . . .

Was saying to one of my members last evening in the Class, that we ought not to yield to dejection. It is sometimes a temptation and if we yield to it, we are likely to go to something worse. 'The soul of the people was discouraged' in the wilderness and [illegible] murmuring, — first against Moses and [illegible] against God. I know [illegible] endeavour to give counsel [illegible] knowledge, but some one [illegible] say to me—'Physician [illegible] very low in my mind [illegible] looking at [illegible] to indulge my [illegible] very proper [illegible] is my [illegible] attitude [illegible] was urging [illegible] and let [illegible] my [illegible] this way.—[illegible] ye prisoners of [illegible]

The way [illegible] letter [illegible]

Methodist sympathies, and his love of good men:—

"*August* 2, 1860.

"DEAR MR. TYACK,

"I was glad to get a letter from you yesterday: written, it seems, in the midst of the Conference,—in what Mr. Wesley was wont to call 'The New Chapel.'*—I should like to be permitted to take a place by your side for a short time, (if a layman might), in that hallowed sanctuary, with Five Hundred of our Ministers. No wonder you feel honoured to be there—and to be one of them. . . . .

"I have been reading the 'Life of the Rev. John Hunt,' this week; and have been much affected by it. What a noble, devoted, disinterested soul was his! What labour and usefulness was crowded into the short space of ten years! And how the natives loved him! How touching was the prayer of the Chief Verani,—'If *one* must die, take *me! Take ten of us!* But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!' And how affecting the love of the dying Missionary to

* City Road Chapel, London.

the Fijians!—After he had given up even his dear wife and children, his tears were observed to flow—and at length sobs burst forth, and the prayer—'Lord save Fiji! Let me pray once more for Fiji!' John Hunt was a noble witness for God, too, in holding forth the great doctrine of Entire Sanctification,—by his pen, as well as his tongue. . . . .

"Hoping you will have a comfortable time . . . and a safe journey home,

I remain,

Your humble but ever affectionate friend,

"W. MURRISH."

With no improvement in bodily health, but with the varied experiences which are the lot of the faithful Christian—whose "progress" is ever through new scenes of conflict and of triumph—he still pursued his spiritual journey; leaving in his diary the following jottings by the way:—

"*August* 17.— . . . When our bodily appetite is not good, we often take something

in order to improve it. And should not means be made use of to increase our spiritual appetite? — Surely! And there is greater certainty of success,—for it is said, 'Ask, and it *shall* be given you.'—Prayer, then, is the means. Pray, then, O my sluggish soul, like Jacob—like Moses—like Elijah!"

"*Sept.* 22.—Weeks and months pass away, and rapidly abridge my short portion of time. Varied have been my experience, since my last entry. I have had some good seasons. Last Sunday morning, when assembled in the vestry for tickets . . . . while our friends were singing and praying before the Preacher came, my mind was led to dwell sweetly upon the Hundreth Psalm: — 'O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands, serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a song.'—I thought, if I could stand upon a mountain top, and my voice could reach to all earth's inhabitants, I would say, 'O be joyful in the Lord!—Serve the Lord with gladness!' — O what a glad world ours would be, if all were joyfully serving

God! But there is such a world, even now behind the veil.—And I think it will not be long, if I am faithful, before I shall see it!

"*October* 26.—More than a month has passed again, since I last wrote; during which my bodily strength has not improved, but decreased. . . . . It behoves me to do what my hand finds to do, with my might. . . . . My flesh wastes, 'My heart and my flesh fail.' But can I not say, 'Thou art the strength of my heart?' Yes!—'*And my Portion for ever!*' This week, again I have endeavoured to lay my all on the altar. Last Tuesday I did so in particular. And every day since I have been renewing the offer, and praying that the consuming flame of love may come down. My faith is much tried. Temptations assail me. I am in much heaviness. 'O my God,' I may say with the Psalmist, 'My soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.'—Yet, thank the Lord, I am not out of heart, nor without hope! I will endeavour, the Lord being my helper, to breast

the waves, till I am more fully established on 'the Rock that is higher than I.'—The Lord help me, for Jesus' sake. Amen!

"*November* 5.—On Sunday last I heard Mr Barratt, from, '*Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?*' And my heart was like wax before the fire, from the commencement of the service to the close. And last Tuesday evening, at Class, I had much comfort,—and light upon the way of faith. The word of God seemed quite sufficient for me. My language was—'*God hath said so,*—and that is enough for me!'"

IX.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

"It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."– ZECH. xiv. 7.

THE path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day: and thus was the path of this just man. The evening of life was early closing around him, but "at evening time" there was "light,"—increasing light. "The outward man" was failing and perishing; but "the inward man" was being "renewed day by day." He was leaving his beloved wife and little ones,—but, calmly, and with full assurance

of the divine goodness and care, he committed them to the hands of the Lord. He was leaving friends and fellow-Christians, to whom he was devotedly attached,—but the good hope of being re-united with them for ever in Heaven, reconciled him to this also. He was rapidly and manifestly nearing the dread eternity, — but his prospects of Heaven brightened as he drew near! And as the clouds that surround the setting sun are often bathed in a more resplendent glory, so those who witnessed the last days of this good man's life, had shed upon them a clearer, fuller, light—as to the beauty and power of religion, and as to the path that leads to Heaven. *All was well!*—Abiding in Christ, he *felt* that all was well—he *showed* that all was well.—But his own statements — written with the confidence of friendship, or in the retirement of the closet for his own spiritual advantage,—will give the best account of his state and prospects, as "the last enemy" drew near.

Late in the year 1860 he wrote me this letter: it is expressive of a full apprehension of

his circumstances, but also of calm resignation to the will of God :—

"*November* 21, 1860.

"DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

"Yours of the 3rd instant I was right glad to receive. . . . . You wished me to come down to Falmouth if I could. I should be glad to do so, but have given up all thoughts of going any where for the winter. With regard to my mind, I am enabled to look these things calmly and steadily in the face. . . . . These 'slow decays' are the surest sign to me that my work is done. . . . . This winter will try my little remaining strength. But I feel resigned to the will of my Heavenly Father. If it was His blessed will, I should be glad to stay here a little longer with my dear partner, who especially wants her earthly prop longer yet; and to watch over these little ones that the Lord has given us.—And I would gladly do the little good I could, a little longer. But I have seen a beauty lately in these lines of the Rev. C. Wesley :—

'To do, or not to do; to have,
Or not to have; I leave with Thee:
To be; or not to be; I leave:
Thy only will be done in me!
All my requests are lost in one—
FATHER, *Thy only will be done!*'

" . . . I have much more to say, but am expecting the post every minute.

"Your ever affectionate friend,

"W. MURRISH."

Later in the same year he wrote thus in his diary:—

"*December* 24.—Through mercy I am brought to the eve of another Christmas. In myself 'a feeble thing of nought,' but still an object of the mercy and compassion of a gracious God. That this affliction will bring me to the grave, there is no reason to doubt; but what a mercy that I am dealt so gently with! . . . .

"I can plainly see that this precious time may be misimproved, as when we are in health, unless there is the greatest vigilance. Satan has his baits for affliction as well as health. His aim seems to be to keep us from the best improvement of our precious time. If we will

read—even if it is a good book—and not pray, that will please him . . . . Mr. Wesley says 'Read with much prayer.'—Jesus Christ says, 'Watch and pray,'—that is, at all times—but Satan's aim is, if possible, to keep us from it. Lord, show me his devices; and prepare Thy servant for all Thy righteous will!"

Amid the still deepening "shadows of the falling year," he again wrote me.—This letter slightly dwells upon his growing infirmities of body, and is not without a tinge of [illegible] but it breathes the true Christian spirit of simplicity, sincerity, gratitude, and [illegible]

"Dear and Honoured Friend,

"Perhaps you have [illegible] say in this cold time [illegible] through—'How is W[illegible] wonder, poor fellow?—[illegible] of the living. I am [illegible] still to write a few lines [illegible] as close to him for [illegible]

"I got home from [illegible] whole. [illegible]

interview with you.—'Iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.' That countenance of yours would be welcome if I could see it often, but that, under present circumstances, cannot be. . . . . I have been obliged to keep pretty close lately, . . shut up in my room. . . . From here to bed, and then down here again before the fire; these are just all the variations in the present mode of life. Sometimes feeling rather worse, and then a little better—some days reading rather too much: not prayer enough with it—some days tired writing for myself or others—and some days doing but little of either, owing to visitors. People are very kind to me. 'I am not left of God, nor forsaken of man,' I am thankful to say. In the evenings I don't do much — the children get around me. And, poor little creatures!—thinking how short my sojourn may be with them,—I am glad for them to be with father when they can. . . . .

"Pray for me that I may 'stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.'

"Yours respectfully and affectionately,

"W. MURRISH."

A new year dawned upon him :—the last he would ever see on earth. On its first day he wrote thus in his diary :—

"*January* 1, 1861.—Through mercy I am spared to see the commencement of a new year! I enter upon it more solemnly than ever I entered upon a new year before. I can see no other probability than [that] this year will be my last. It is not likely, at present, that I shall live half of it. The Lord, of course, only knows. Into His hands I have committed body and soul, and all my interests, for time and eternity. Being assured that

> 'He never, never will forsake
> A helpless worm that trusts in Him.'

Dr. Clarke's words cheered me yesterday :—'What have I to boast or trust in?' writes he,—'I exult in nothing but the eternal, impartial, and indescribable kindness of the ever-blessed God; and I trust in nothing but the infinite merits of the sacrifice of Christ,—a ruined world's Saviour, and the Almighty's Fellow. Then what have I to dread? Nothing. What have I to expect? All possible good;

as much as Christ has purchased, or as much as Heaven can dispense. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.'

"I was not able to attend the Watch-Night service, but it came into my mind to write a few lines and send down for some one to read. I felt much blessed in my soul before I began about it, and that encouraged me to write. If any soul was benefited by it, O Lord, thou shalt have the glory."

The paper referred to was read in the course of the Watch-Night service, and produced a most solemn impression upon the meeting—many were deeply affected—and it was made a blessing. The address was carefully treasured by a member of one of his classes, by whose favour a copy of it is here inserted :—

"COCKS, *Monday afternoon,*
December 31, 1860.

"DEAR FRIENDS,

"Some person came in a short time ago, and mentioned about the Watch-Night service, that was to be held to-night. And I

began afterwards to think about it—that I should not be able to be there, though I would go if I could. While reflecting on the many solemn, good, seasons I have enjoyed at our Watch-Night services, and at other times when we have been assembled in the house of God, I felt my soul much blessed. And it came into my mind all at once—'Why might I not write a few lines and send down to-night? Perhaps there might be time during the service for some one to read it. I am still in the church militant, and my heart is with God's people when they are assembled together, if my bodily presence is not.'

"Perhaps you would like to know how I have got on in the past eleven months of affliction. I have told some of you, from time to time, that I have felt much of unworthiness: but I think I have looked at that enough. I have felt the benefit lately of looking to Calvary. And when harassed about my unworthiness, to say, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!'

> 'I the chief of sinners am—
> But Jesus died for me!'

"It has been a time of reflection. And my convictions of the great truths of the Bible have all been deepened. God's Word is true. It is *The Truth.* And I would say to my dear friends at Bolingey, cleave to it.—'Buy the truth, and sell it not.'—Have I proved this truth? Yes, I thank God, I have! God has said, 'I will be with him in trouble.'—And He has been with *me.* He has said, 'I will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing' and 'make all his bed in his sickness.' And He has done so for *me.*—But perhaps some one might say, 'He has promised,' too, 'with long life will I satisfy him'—and yours is not likely to be a 'long one.'—How so? What means this passage—'He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.' Is not the life of eternity a 'long' one?

"My dear friends, *live to God!* I say this now, and believe I should say the same—only perhaps with more emphasis—if I could speak to you after the light of eternity has burst upon the vision of my soul. Live to God! Honour and support His cause. 'Forsake not

the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is; 'but assemble yourselves the more frequently, 'as ye see the day approaching.'—Don't faint when 'a standard bearer falleth. Rather run and catch the falling standard, and bear it manfully on'—till you in your turn shall fall. Then you will fall to rise before the throne—to hear it said—'Well done. . . . Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'

"O that we may all be gathered there! That our friends, our neighbours, may be gathered there! But in order to this, we must

'Take the path God's Word hath showed.'—

'Repent,' and 'believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"But my paper is just full. I would conclude in the language of St. Paul:—'Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace: and the God of love and peace shall be with you.'

"Yours as ever,

"W. MURRISH."

The position which he held in the Society, through his moral influence, and by official appointment; as well as the solemn circumstances in which he felt himself to be, gave him the right to speak thus to that village Church. And his words were received as those of a friend, a brother beloved, a father—uttered from the verge of the heavenly world.

Though in mortal affliction, religion made him to rejoice in his birth and being. Arriving at another stage in his earthly journey, he gratefully reviews the life-long favours of the Lord; and thus records, in his diary, his sentiments and feelings :—

"*January* 31, 1861.—Through mercy, I am permitted to see another birth-day. Forty-three years have passed away, since I first breathed the vital air. Forty-three years of mercies! I may truly say,

> 'From Thee alone my birth
> And every blessing came!'

Can I not thank God for my birth? Yes, truly! And ought I not to thank Him that I am capable of knowing, loving, and enjoying

Him here, and throughout eternity? There was a time when I should have been glad if there was no hereafter. But I thank the Lord now for my being; and I thank Him too, for my well-being. O the mercies that have strewed my path all through life! I have seen affliction, it is true, during the last twelve months—I have seen affliction, but not by 'the rod of His wrath!' 'In faithfulness,' I may say, 'Thou hast afflicted me.' And though there is no doubt that this affliction will be unto death, yet even that, if I am faithful, will be the crowning mercy.—

> 'Then, O my life of mercies crown,
> With a triumphant end!'

Amen—for Christ's sake."

Some weeks nearer the end of his earthly course I received from him these affectionate and impressive lines:—

"*February* 26, 1861.

"VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have scarcely taken pen in hand lately. . . . I feel a little better to-day, but am still very feeble. My writing, I think,

will soon be put a stop too. But the Lord's will be done! I am endeavouring to look homeward, and 'set my affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.' There I trust soon to meet with my dear friends,—'never to be parted more.'

"When I think of scarcely ever seeing you again in the body, I look away there,—where our friendship, I trust, will be consummated for ever: and O how this mitigates the pang! No weakness, none of this mortal languor there—no sickness, no pain in Heaven!

"What solemn meditations I have had sometimes lately in the night-watches—on the change at death; and the scenes of another world; and the judgment! How solemn the thought—*I* shall very soon be there! My flesh is fast wasting away. . . . But, as we have often sung,

> 'Our souls are in His mighty hand,
> And He shall keep them still;
> And you and I shall surely stand
> With Him on Zion's hill.'

"Yours in the bonds of an everlasting friendship,

"W. MURRISH."

Almost his last private record was in these words:—

"*March* 31, 1861—*Easter Sunday.*—Through mercy, I am permitted to see this Christian festival. . . . A feeble, failing creature, but I can 'sing of mercy,' as well as 'judgment,—Unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing!' My feeble voice will not be raised much more on earth; but I have a good hope I shall join the blood-washed company above, who sing 'Worthy is the Lamb!'—'To Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!'—Amen!"

It was about this time that I paid, what proved to be, my last visit to him. He was very weak—though still able to dress, and be below stairs. I found him "upon the Rock." Peaceful—happy in God. His was a state that the noblest, the mightiest, the wealthiest, might have coveted. Never shall I forget how his countenance beamed with joy, as he spoke of his approaching departure, and of his prospects of eternal life.—In him, "Perfect love" had cast out fear."

Shortly after my return from that visit, with his usual kindness and earnest solicitude he wrote :—

"*April* 5, 1861.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

". . . . I have felt lately that the Lord is carrying on His work in my soul. I trust I can say, 'Though the outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day.' I have had some good days of late.

"Preach a free and a full salvation. Say to the Church, 'O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved. How long shall vain thoughts'—like unclean birds—'lodge within thee?' . . . . I was glad to see your face once more. O that the Lord may bless, and render you a blessing. So prays

"Your ever affectionate friend,
and brother in Christ,
"W. MURRISH."

At the end of the same month I received one more letter from him—the former part of it being in the handwriting of another, the latter,

in his own. Thus he could speak from "the swellings of Jordan:"—

"*April* 30, 1861.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

". . . . My prospects of late have been good for a better land. As I am getting nearer to it, they seem to be getting more bright. I have no doubt but when I leave this present world, I shall find a resting place beneath the slaughtered Lamb.

"I am sitting up in bed now, but my weakness is extreme. I may not write to you again with my own hand.—But if not, may God bless you and yours a thousand times! The Lord graciously supports me. Don't think of coming to see me again. I don't wish it under your circumstances.

"Yours for ever,

"W. MURRISH."

These were his last words to me. Domestic affliction—the "circumstances" to which he alludes in the foregoing letter—prevented my visiting him again. In a few days the mournful

intelligence reached me that William Murrish was no more in this life.

Some additional particulars as to his state and prospects at the close of life, were afterwards communicated to me, and are worth noting:—

Not many days before his departure, W. K— and J. T—, two of his early and warmly attached friends, visited him, and conversed and prayed with him. As soon as they rose from their knees he said,—with tears —"My dear brothers, I am sorry to leave you in the wilderness. I have been thinking since we have been together, how much better off I shall be than you! I am not sorry to leave, but I am sorry to leave you behind."

Still nearer his end, to one of the ministers visiting him, who asked how he felt, and what his prospects were? He calmly said,

"Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes!"

This assured and serene state of Christian

experience was such as might have been expected to crown such a life of devotion to Christ.

Some of his last words were—"My Jesus hath done all things well!" And to his wife, he said, just as he was departing,—"Tell the people there is another landed safe!" He felt that an "entrance" was being "ministered unto" him "abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Thus, on Monday, the sixth of May, 1861, about twelve o'clock at noon—while the soft sunlight of Spring fell lovingly upon cottage and garden, and hill and dale, around; and while the Sun of Righteousness illumed his spirit and his path—William Murrish passed peacefully, nay, triumphantly, away, to be with Christ, in the "rest" that "remaineth" "to the people of God."—It was a departure fully realizing Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful lines:—

> "*How bless'd the righteous when he dies!—*
> When sinks a weary soul to rest,

How mildly beams the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a Summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears;
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Life's duties done, as sinks the clay
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While Heaven and earth combine to say,
How bless'd the righteous when he dies!"

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."—Mal. iii. 17.

X.

CONCLUSION.

"Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth."
—*John* xvii. 17

IN the pure character, and useful life, of the subject of the foregoing Memoirs, may be seen the results, under God, of Bible reading, and of Wesleyan Methodist teaching from the pulpit and the press. He loved, revered, delighted in, the Bible, as the Word of God;—and clearly apprehended its saving truths. It was his habit for years, daily to read such a portion of the Holy Scriptures as would enable him to go through the whole in a year. And, as illustrating, exemplifying, and enforcing the simple, pure, and joyous, religion of the

Bible, he delighted in Methodist literature; and read it industriously and carefully, both in the monthly Magazines and in the volumes which a well-supplied Sunday-school Teachers' Library brought within his reach. Not that he confined himself exclusively to works from the Methodist press—he delighted in a good book from any quarter. But believing—doubtless rightly — that, whatever others might do, *Methodists* could not do better, religiously, than, next to the Word of God, to read their own richly-evangelical literature, he mainly stuck to that—and his profiting appeared.

That he was an *observant* reader, was plain from the condition of his mind; his readiness in quotation; and the number of striking and suggestive passages, from various authors, which he copied into his note-book from time to time—down to within a few months of the close of life*

* See Appendix—Where in illustration of his taste, and of the bent of his mind; and as a sample of the maxims which governed his life—a few of those short extracts are transcribed.

The agencies and influences named, made him—what I ever found him to be — a Christian; but one of a decided and well-defined type: a consistent, devoted, and faithful Methodist—one who bore a hearty good-will towards Christians of every name—"a friend of all, an enemy of none." He was enlightened, manly, and firm in his principles; gentle in his manners; serious, yet never morose; and admirably even-tempered. His piety was unalloyed by affectation, or what is known as "cant." He had a quiet, genial humour, a play of fancy, and a native delicacy of feeling, which, combined with strong common sense, and earnest piety, made him a most amiable and lovable companion.

As the Rev. Robert C. Barratt resided in the St. Agnes Circuit at the time of William Murrish's decease, while preparing these pages I wrote to ask the favour of any reminiscences, relative especially to the last hours of our friend, which he might be able to furnish. Mr. Barratt, in reply, kindly sent me the following brief but discriminating estimate of his character and influence:—

"ST IVES, CORNWALL, *April* 11, 1866.

"MY DEAR MR. TYACK,

"I am glad to find that we are to have a Memoir of our late friend, William Murrish, and would with pleasure, were it in my power, give you any information that might be helpful. . . . . My remembrances of our departed brother are all pleasing. His love to the Saviour—his zeal for God's glory—his attachment to the house of prayer—his fidelity as a Class-leader—his unostentatious adherence to the right—his intelligent appreciation of books of worth—his patience in affliction—in a word, his thorough Christ-like-ness—rendered him a man of mark, and made him 'greatly beloved' where he lived. It was almost impossible to spend any time with him without being the better for it. After visiting him in his sickness, I ever felt gratitude for the grace God had given His servant, and humiliation because of my own dwarfish attainments. He was the teacher:—I the taught. I regret that I did not keep any record of his sayings. His words are forgotten: but the impression those

words made on my mind and heart can never be. 'He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.'

"I am, dear brother,

"Yours very truly,

"ROBERT C. BARRATT."

I know of no better, no more fitting, phrase, by which to describe his character, than this Scriptural one:—"*The beauty of holiness.*" And I never knew living example that better illustrated it.—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things,"—and you have presented to the mind the leading features in the character of William Murrish. I do not say he was faultless—I suppose he was not—from his letters and diary it is plain that he was far from thinking himself so. But this I am bold to say, that, during the years of my intimate

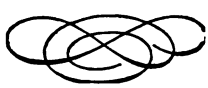
acquaintance with him, I never saw,—never heard of,—in him, a single fault of disposition, temper, word, or deed. This is recorded to the praise of God, and the glory of His grace. —For "EVERY GOOD GIFT AND EVERY PERFECT GIFT IS FROM ABOVE, AND COMETH DOWN FROM THE FATHER OF LIGHTS, WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS, NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING." Therefore, with the words of "David, the son of Jesse," we close these Simple Records:—

"BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD,
THE GOD OF ISRAEL,
WHO ONLY DOETH WONDROUS THINGS.
AND BLESSED BE HIS GLORIOUS NAME
FOR EVER:
AMEN, AND AMEN!"

APPENDIX.

"THE WORDS OF THE WISE ARE AS GOADS."

Ecclesiastes xii. 11.



APPENDIX.

The following extracts, copied from the Note-book of William Murrish, are here inserted for the purposes named in the note on page 136*; and also with a view to the reader's benefit.*

ANGER AND HASTE.

"Have a care, every day, that nothing put you in a passion. Do nothing with an *over-eagerness of mind.* Do all things as to the Lord."

GOD OUR REST.

"'Thou hast made me for thyself,' we may each say with Augustine, 'nor can I rest, till I rest, O Lord, in thee.' Such should be the profound conviction of everyone at the outset of a responsible existence. It will not only make us feel the utter inability of created objects to confer satisfaction on a being who is destined to live onward when they

have perished, but will prompt us, under the aids and teachings of His Spirit, who is good, to come unto Him with whom is the fountain of life, and in whose light we shall see light."

PRAYER.

"Even if your daily avocations pressed so heavily upon you as to leave you but little time for *closet* devotion, yet you should recollect that prayer is a *mental* exercise: it is the pouring out of the heart before God; and this may be done anywhere—in the house, in the street, in solitude, or in society. For God is essentially present in every place, and our prayers and our souls may find their way to Him from the remotest bounds of the habitable world. Some complain that they have not time to pray. What would you think of *a criminal condemned to die*, who would say that he had *no time* to ask pardon of his judge, though he knew that that pardon might be obtained if he sued for it?—Or a *famishing man*, who would say that he had *no time* to ask for food, or to stretch out his hand to receive it when offered to him?"—*Treffry.*

THE BODY.

"'A wise man,' says Seneca, 'takes care of the body as a necessary burden, but does not love it, nor become the *servant* of that which he ought to command.'"—*Rev. J. Benson's Essay in Proof of an Immortal Spirit in Man.*

FLEETING THINGS.

"The world will be burnt up in the day of Christ's appearing. And why should dreams, and shadows, and froth, and flowers, run away with your heart in the meanwhile? When we come to the water side, and set our feet in the river of death, we shall wonder at our past follies."—*Rutherford.*

GOD OUR ROCK.

"*When my heart is overwhelmed within me*"—when the waters are too deep for me—"*lead me to the Rock*"—that projects out of them; that cannot be washed away by them—"*that is higher than I.*"

GOD'S COMMANDMENTS.

"To question the propriety of them is not our province. It is not for us to say unto God, 'What doest thou?' 'He giveth not account of any of these matters unto us.' His will is the unchangeable and eternal rule of rectitude. Therefore, with the Psalmist, we should esteem all God's 'precepts concerning all things to be right.' And though we cannot always discover the reasons of the Divine conduct, yet must we

> '. . . Confess the Almighty just,
> And where we can't unravel, learn to trust.'"

—*Treffry.*

RESIGNATION—ACQUIESCENCE—JOY.

"Blest be that hand, whether it shed
Mercies or judgments o'er my head;
Extend the sceptre, or the rod:
Blest hand! 'tis still the hand of God!"

THE SCRIPTURES.

"The collection of tracts, which we call, from their excellence, The Scriptures, contain, *independently of their Divine origin*, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all the books that were ever composed in any nation. . . . .

"The antiquity of those compositions no man doubts; and the unrestrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication, is a solid ground of belief that they were genuine productions, and, consequently, inspired."—*Sir W. Jones.*

REVERENCE FOR THE SCRIPTURES.

"Let us take care not to handle the truths of Revelation with a light and careless temper; for by such means they are likely to become '*the savour of death unto death.*' The solemn awe which warns us how we touch a holy thing, should ever imbue

our minds, while the topics of eternity are trembling on our tongues."

ATHEISM.

"Atheism is to be regarded as the desperate shift of an ill-regulated mind, determined to rid itself of responsibility at the expense of reason and argument."—*Pearson on Infidelity.*

CHRIST'S ALL-SUFFICIENCY.

Christ saith,—"Consider not the deadness and hardness of *thy heart*, but the reviving, softening love of *mine;* not thy want of power, but my omnipotence; not the suggestions of hell, but my Gospel.

"'I am both the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the living. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that lives and believes in me shall never die.'"—*Flavel.*

SAVING FAITH.

"They believe in account of the death of his Son, and are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses. By the exercise of this faith they receive as their Christ, righteousness, and redemption, and life, and consolation, and

for righteousness.'—'Then you make faith the meritorious cause of salvation?'—No more than a beggar, by stretching out his hand to receive your bounty, becomes meritoriously entitled to it. Faith *sees* what *Christ exhibits;* faith *receives* what *Christ proffers;* faith *retains* what *Christ imparts.* —The love of God is the *source* from whence the blessing springs; and the obedience unto death, of Christ, its *procuring cause.*"—*Meth. Mag.*, 1820, p. 576.

ADOPTION.

"Reader . . . You will not rest short of the happiness which this privilege alone can confer. Trifle not with your own soul, nor with the Redeemer, by the debased imagination that a proffered gift of such unutterable worth, for which He paid the price of His blood, is one which you can slight, or undervalue, without ten-fold condemnation. Ask of God, as a penitent sinner, and with Faith in His Son, the Spirit of Adoption; and you, with millions more, will set to your seal that the promises are true. Never can you know the blessedness of genuine repose of mind until you have thus asked and received; but then shall 'the peace of God, which passeth understanding, keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.'—This will consume your sorrows as the sun dissolves the ice. It is a spring, when thou art thirsty; a staff, when thou

art weary; a screen, when the sun burns thee; a pillow in death."—*Etheridge.*

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

I.

"Sanctification restores the impure and troubled soul to purity and peace.—The passionate, when sanctified, become meek and gentle; the proud and vain, become humble and lowly; the workers of mischief become instruments of good. When we are sanctified in heart and life, we enjoy a greater portion of pleasure in one day than a sinner enjoys in his three score years and ten. Our pleasures rise as far above his, as the heavens are above the earth."—*Rev. J. Edmondson.*

II.

"THE PERFECTION we contend for, is that of which Paul speaks (Phil. iii. 15):—a perfection which puts us in stretch for higher attainments. 'But don't you expect to be saved from all sin in this life, even from indwelling sin?' Yes: otherwise we despair of being happy in another. 'But is not sin an inseparable attendant on the body?' Infirmities, the sad effects of sin, are inseparably connected with a mortal body; and, whilst that body is inhabited by a wicked heart, it must, of necessity, be connected with sin; but—'*Come now and let us reason together, saith the* LORD: *though*

your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Jesus came '*to redeem us from all iniquity*, and to purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.' . . . . His 'precious blood' 'cleanseth from *all* sin;' and His Spirit worketh in us every good word and work. Consequently, '*He that is born of God sinneth not*'—knowingly; he has dominion over it; is led to anticipate its destruction; and to have every thought brought into captivity to the obedience to Christ. He seeks to have his heart so filled with love to God, as to leave no room for a rival: to possess that 'perfect love which casts out fear;' to be so 'cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit,' as to be enabled to 'perfect holiness in the fear of God.' In a word, to be sanctified throughout, and that the 'whole spirit, and soul, and body, may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Obtaining his desire, he is more watchful unto prayer than ever; and by 'building himself up on his most holy faith, he keeps himself in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life.'"—*W. Meth. Mag.*, 1820, p. 578.

MEANS OF GRACE.

"These means (the prudential) may be used without fruit. But there are some means which cannot, —namely, watching, denying ourselves, taking up

the cross, and exercise of the presence of God."—*Wesley. Myles' Chron.: Hist.:* p. 99.

CONVERSATION.

"To take part in conversation only, in which modesty has never to blush; in which reason has everything to gain; and the sacred cause of religion and morality finds edification and support: this is [according to] the *Gospel.* To relish the unintelligible jargon of mixed and tumultuous assemblies; to endeavour in all conversations to shine rather than to instruct; to highly season it with the salt of sarcasm and slander; delicately and artificially to envelope the poison of impurity and corruption; to be silent, from self-interest or complacency, when religion is reviled by the impious and the libertine; and, perhaps, infamously join in the abuse of what we inwardly revere: this is [according to] the *world.*"—*Kirwan.*

UNSUCCESSFUL PRAYER.

"When you have used a means of grace, and do not find yourselves sensibly quickened, let it be a matter of deep humiliation to you. For want of repenting of their unbelief and hardness of heart, some get into a habit of deadness and indifference, so that they come to be as insensible, and as little ashamed of themselves for it, as stones."—*Rev. J. Fletcher.*

SPIRITUAL ENJOYMENTS.

"It is a grand mistake to suppose that the superficial Christian can possess spiritual enjoyments. They are not for him: they are for the laborious, the self-denying, the pains-taking Christian."—*Youth's Instructor*, 1833, p. 296.

LOVE OF MONEY.

"The love of money can only be remedied by 'the expulsive power of a new affection.' If we would not have the ivy to creep on the ground, we must erect an object which it can embrace, and by embracing, ascend. And if we would keep the heart from embracing the dust, we must give it another and a nobler object."

SABBATH REST.

"It is on the Sabbath that Piety, wearied and weakened by the toils of her warfare, sits down to rest beneath the shadow of Christian ordinances; and, refreshing herself with 'the river of the water of life,' which flows at her feet, rises with renovated strength to pursue her journey to a 'city of habitation.'"

SABBATH PRAYER.

"A Sabbath that commences without *prayer* is likely to be spent without *pleasure*, and closed with-

out *profit.* It is in the closet that the soul is prepared for the blessings of the sanctuary; it is there that the understanding is cleared for instruction, and the heart softened for impression."

HUMILITY.

"The loss of humility is a desolation in the Christian character not to be repaired by the most splendid talents or the most active zeal."

DIFFICULTIES.

"Every cause which is worth supporting will have to encounter *difficulties;* and these are generally proportioned to the *value* of the object to be accomplished."

LUKEWARMNESS.

"It should be impressed upon the mind that there is in the human spirit *a lamentable propensity to lukewarmness,* which can be effectually remedied only by a violent and perpetual struggle with ourselves."—*J. A. James.*

DEVOTION.

"The true spirit of religion is very powerfully assisted by *extraordinary* seasons of devotion. The attention is more arrested and fixed by that which

is unusual, than by what occurs in the ordinary routine of customary engagements."

FAMILY DUTIES.

"These duties, of paramount importance, are, we fear, too often sacrificed to a feverish thirst for novel speculations, or a rambling, restless, search after religious instruction, which is never digested by meditation, or reduced to practice."

PROMPTITUDE.

"My heart responds to the sentiment you give, in allusion to what takes place in sanguinary and well-contested battles: As our friends, smitten by death's resistless arrows, are removed from us, it behoves the survivors to '*close up.*'"—*Rev. J. Anderson's Remains.*

PIETY ENRICHING AND ENNOBLING.

"He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and, though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his;
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—My Father made them all!"

Quoted in "Pearson on Infidelity," p. 136.

GOD, THE SOURCE OF ALL GOOD.

"THOU art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest—Eternal Word!
From Thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.
From Thee is all that soothes the life of man;
His high endeavour, and his glad success;
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But O! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art, of all Thy gifts, Thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what thou wilt away!"

—*Cowper*

FAITH.

"Faith substantiates what is hoped for, and evidences the things that are unseen."

DEATH.

"O when will Death, now stingless as a friend,
Admit me of your choir! O when will Death—
This mouldering partition wall thrown down—
Give beings, one in nature, one abode!
O Death divine! that gives us to the skies!
That re-admits us, through the guardian hands
Of elder brethren, to our Father's Home!"

THINGS LITTLE AND GREAT.

"Account nothing *great* that is confined to *Time;* nothing *little* that stretches into *Eternity.*"

THE CHRISTIAN'S LAMP.

"Christian, thy lamp is the Word of God. Dost thou really and conscientiously use it for the purpose of ordering thy steps thereby? But thou must be content with having *thine own way* cleared before thee. Shadows and darkness, and even thick darkness, will lie upon the providence of God in the world about thee. 'What he doeth, thou knowest not now.' Thine own way, too, at a distance, may be dark; but be of good cheer: thou hast a light which shall assuredly shine upon it *when thou comest thither.*"

THE END.

LEEDS: H. W. WALKER, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, BRIGGATE.